THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NORA, BELOVED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

There's not a flower on branch or bush,
  Along the garden paths I stray,
To mind me of the crimson blush
  The roses wore the day
  We wandered down this fragrant way:
But blossoms sweet are thickly strewn
  In Memory's quiet dells,
Each bud, to bright perfection grown,
  In fadeless beauty dwells;
For thee they live, for thee they bloom,
Oh, Nora! hid within the tomb.

The clouds have gathered in the west,
  And spread their shadows low,
Where late a sunset glory dyed
  The sky with vernal glow:
  And yet, beloved, I know—I know
The shadows drop their sable wings
  About yon starry place,
Where only bright and radiant things
  May find a resting place.
Oh, precious thought, what strength it sends
To bear the burden life extends!

Memphis, Mo.

ETHEL'S SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BERTHA BARTON.

CHAPTER I.

Down on the sea coast of England there is a long, level tract of land styled "The Waste," probably deriving its title from the desolate aspect which it presents.

Huge masses of jagged rocks loom up along the shore, against which the waves beat with a sullen murmur; and the cry of the sea-gull seems to sound louder and shriller here than elsewhere. The soil is sandy, and produces little, save clumps of stunted shrubbery, and sprigs of yellow grass.

At the time our story opens, groups of fishermens' huts were scattered along the beach, frail old tenements, periodically threatened with destruction by devastating storms, but which still bravely stood, defying wind and wave.

The weatherbeaten seamen gained a scanty livelihood by industriously pursuing their daily avocation, apparently well content with their location, and seeking no other destiny than to live and die within sight and sound of the sea. A wild spot generally possesses some tradition or mystery. The Waste laid claim to the latter distinction, and, unimportant spot though it was, an exciting topic was frequently discussed, which related exclusively to that little portion of the great world.

The majority of the inhabitants of The Waste maintained a firm conviction that their particular portion of the coast was the resort of smugglers. Some stated that upon dark, stormy nights, lights could be seen moving among the rocks, and the hum of voices distinctly heard above the roar of the hurrying waters.

Certainly the rocks, with apparently inaccessible caves, afforded ample facilities to these hardy bravos, but the more intelligent portion of the community asserted that "Her Majesty's Coast Guard" was far too vigilant and efficient to allow any such flagrant infringement of the law.

Notwithstanding this contrary opinion, those who had expressed their views, still held their ground, arguing that the "Guard," which was stationed some miles above The Waste, seldom visited the spot, and that their cursory investigations could scarcely be productive of satisfactory results; and they also dimly hinted their suspicions of certain of the fishermen being in league with the outlaws.

No light had, as yet, been thrown upon this disputed point.

About two hundred yards from the shore, there stood a tall white house, with a long piazza extending around the building, and conspicuously green blinds, shading the numerous windows; a low hedge enclosed the yard, and a few flowers futilely endeavored to enliven the narrow domains of the garden.

Its present proprietor was a Mr. Thornton, who with his two children, here lived in deep seclusion. Why a man so eminently fitted to adorn social and public life should voluntarily select this retired spot, as a place of residence, would have been an enigma to one unacquainted with his history.

Early in life, Mr. Thornton had held a government appointment in India. Before leaving England he married, and took his young wife with him to the East, and there amassed a large fortune. Some years later he threw up his appointment, and with his family set sail for his native land.

The homeward-bound vessel performed a prosperous voyage until it neared the English coast, when a fearful storm occurred. The ill-fated ship was beaten upon the rocks of The Waste, and utterly destroyed; many perished. Mr. Thornton (who, at the moment of the accident, was struck senseless by a falling spar,) and his children were among those saved by the strenuous efforts of the brave fishermen, but Mrs. Thornton was numbered with the lost.

Mr. Thornton idolized his wife, and almost succumbed beneath a blow which he would not acknowledge as inflicted by a mercifully Divine hand. He seemed indifferent to the existence of his children, and his wealth was accounted as so much *dross*, now that the loved one could no longer share it with him. He instinctively shrank from the thought of again mingling with the busy world. The Waste was well adapted to his feelings, and beside it was the scene of his wife's death, and where she lay buried; and he decided to make it his temporary home.

The Alton House was tenantless, and he became its purchaser.

Five years had elapsed since the occurrence of the above-mentioned event, but Mr. Thornton still lingered at The Waste.

It was an afternoon in early spring: The Waste seemed revivified beneath the sun's warm rays, and presented a brighter appearance than usual. The sea stretched far and wide its glittering waves, dotted over with innumerable little boats, with furled sails. The fishermen in many instances rested idly upon their oars, for though rough by nature, they were not insensible to the influence of such a time. But not in accordance with this peaceful scene was the countenance of the boy, who with hook and line, thrown carelessly over his shoulder, walked with listless step in the direction of the Alton building. He was apparently about fifteen, tall of stature, with a broad brow, dark wavy hair, and lips of firm, decided cut; his eyes might have been considered fine, but for the fierce, even desperate expression which they wore, as if ungovernable thoughts crowded his brain, to which he gave no utterance. A keen physiognomist would, at a single glance, have decided that the boy possessed a large capability of good in his nature, and also discover that he was not destitute of a degree of the contrary quality, that were he controlled by a skillful, loving hand, his faults borne with, and his virtues encouraged, the good would predominate, but if compelled to submit to restrictions from one who neither understood nor appreciated him, a naturally noble nature might be ruined.

This was Earl Thornton.

As Earl threw open the gate at Alton, a girl two years his junior, ran down the piazza steps, with a book and her hat in her hand, and came toward him.

His countenance changed as he beheld her. His dark eyes lit up with a strange beauty.

"I had hoped to reach the beach before you left," she said, breathlessly, "but this tiresome Latin. All this lovely afternoon I have been sitting in the close library, poring over 'Cæsar.' Earle, is it treason to papa, to wish that the 'languages' had never invaded our little world of The Waste? I hate Latin, and like Greek no better—"

"A *girl* cannot be expected to appreciate the 'Classics,' replied Earle, "but you have been crying, Ethel!"

Now if there was anything that Ethel dreaded more than her Latin task, it was for Earle to gain the knowledge that she had been weeping. She knew that boys in general, and Earle in particular, detested such a manifestation of weakness, and as Earle was her all in all, she endeavored, by every means in her power, to assimilate her nature to his, and she naturally dreaded incurring his displeasure.

"Not before papa, Earle. Oh, not before papa!" she exclaimed in a deprecatory tone, as if hoping that assertion would slightly mitigate her offence in her brother's eyes.

"I shed only a *few* tears," she continued, "I was so weary and could not master my task—and—"

"You were sent off in disgrace!"

Ethel's cheeks crimsoned.

"Yes," she replied. "To you, Latin is easy work, Earle; but I find it very difficult."

It was pretty to see her humility, and her infallible belief in his mental superiority; her faith in his power; and above all the devoted love that beamed in every lineament of her countenance.

"We will go down to our favorite rock, Earle," she said, as she drew her arm through his; "and you will soon make my lessons plain to me."

"The acquisition of Latin is not the chief aim of one's life," he said, slowly.

The two walked on in silence until they reached their designation, a large, flat rock, which commanded an extensive view of the sea; here, with Earle's assistance, Ethel succeeded in conquering Cæsar, and the book was quickly thrown aside.

Ethel stood upon the rock, and shading her eyes with both hands, gazed far out to sea.

"Earle," she exclaimed, "is not that distant object a vessel steering toward The Waste?"

Earle came to her side.

"Perhaps it is one of the smuggler's craft of which we have heard," he replied in a light tone; "probably it will run in to-night, dispose of its goods, and be off again by dawn!"

Ethel laughed incredulously.

"Have you faith in the old rumor, Earle?"

Earle made no reply, but turned as if to obtain a better view of the vessel.

"Ethel," he said, suddenly, "is this to last forever?"

"What, dear Earle?"

"This life that we are leading;" he exclaimed vehemently. "In this dreary spot one's nature might well starve for the proper aliment craved by youth; anything is preferable to this monotony—*anything*."

"Oh, Earle!" began Ethel, but her brother interrupted her.

"Our father is utterly selfish, Ethel; he almost ignores our existence save in the matter of brain work; he never interests himself in our pleasures or pursuits."

"Do not speak so bitterly, Earle! Poor papa! remember four long years ago—that terrible time is ever present to him."

"I imagined that trials were designed and sent to purify and soften the heart; not to serve as a pretext for isolation, austerity, and coldness. Your mantle of charity is not sufficiently wide to include the fault of selfishness, Ethel; he but fosters his grief by remaining here. Why should I, through his eccentricity, be debarred from playing my part in the great drama of life; condemned to lead an aimless existence, in this barren spot? I will not longer tamely submit, but carve out my own destiny."

Ethel was accustomed to Earle's moods, but now there was a something in his tone that struck her with an undefinable foreboding.

"Earle, tell me, what do you mean?" she exclaimed in a frightened voice.

"Ethel, were I to go away, would you miss me?"

"Go away and leave *me*," she said, mechanically, as if she had failed to take in the import of his words. "Oh! you would never be so cruel. I would die without you."

If the simple suggestion caused her cheek to grow pallid, and such a look of misery to dawn in her eyes, what would the reality be?

"Perhaps you cannot understand how I long to be free from this bondage, Ethel. All my boyhood have I cherished the dream of entering college, to distance competitors, carve my name on the scroll of fame; lead a useful life; win a *name*."

Earle's cheek did not flush with excitement, or the hard, defiant look die out of his eyes, as he spoke. His tone was low and concentrated, as if the passionate longing of his soul was too deep for outward manifestation. He seemed impressed with the belief that his aspirations were unattainable. The inspiration which was wanting in Earle, kindled in Ethel's countenance. With a sudden transition of thought, she forgot self; her eyes dilated, her hands tightly clasped each other.

"Yes, I understand," she said, "I *am* ambitious for you, Earle. As dearly as I love you, I think I *could* give you up to such a glorious destiny."

"I will make one more appeal to my father," said Earle, moodily. "He may accede to my request. He possesses wealth, which can secure many advantages; if he still refuses me—"

"You will endeavor to be content until a change comes," said Ethel, gently.

That evening, in an agony of fear, (although little knowing how much depended upon the interview,) Ethel stood without the library door, not daring to enter, and heard Mr. Thornton's firm words of refusal to Earle's request, and the latter's barely respectful replies and arguments. This was the first open rupture, and it was destined to be the last. The door opened, and Earle came out. Ethel silently put her hand in his and led him to the drawing-room. She took her accustomed seat in the bay window there, while Earle restlessly paced the long apartment. At length he spoke:

"It is all over, Ethel. Our plans and hopes are but a myth. My father calls me undutiful and rebellious; he has decided that I shall remain here until he sees fit to alter his determination, which may not be for years. Of course I have no volition of my own."

It was well that the twilight of the room veiled Earle's countenance from Ethel, or its look of desperate hardihood would have haunted her for many a year to come.

Frankly confiding herself, Ethel felt no doubt of the brother who had never kept a secret from her in his life. Had he now thoughts and plans in which she did not share?

"Had our mother lived," said Ethel, slowly, "how very different it all might have been!"

"Ethel, why do you, on this night of *all* nights, speak of our mother? I dare not think of her."

"Earle, you are excited. Do not brood upon this subject longer. You have often quoted "*nil desperandum*" to me, and now it is my turn to repeat the trite maxim. The vessel we saw this afternoon is hovering off the coast, Earle," she continued, changing the topic: "I am sure it is the same, although it is scarcely discernible through the twilight mists."

"Yes," replied Earle, abstractedly, "to-morrow it will be gone, and *I*—"

"Did you speak, Earle?" asked Ethel, who had caught the sound, but not the words, of Earle's low muttered remark.

"I am going to walk down to the beach, Ethel," he said; "probably it will be late when I return; so good-night."

"I will never forget your sincere love, little sister," he continued, "although I may not prove worthy of it." He bent down and kissed her twice, then he silently left the apartment.

Ethel, feeling sadly, lonely and depressed, went up to her own room and sobbed herself to sleep. In the morning she awoke to the first real sorrow of her young life.

Earle Thornton had left The Waste, leaving no clue to his destination and projects. A slip of paper was found on the library table, upon which was traced: "I cannot longer endure this existence.—E. T."

"He has sown the wind. If he reaps the whirlwind the fault will not lie with me," Mr. Thornton said, blind to the fact that he had not fulfilled his duty by his only son.

Ethel mourned her brother's absence with all the intensity of her nature; but she was young, and youth naturally rebounds from sorrow. Her dreams now all merged in the thought that Earle had gone out in the wide world, with a brave resolve to work his way upward, and realize the destiny of which he had spoken; she would soon receive some tidings, and ultimately he would return to her. She therefore applied herself to her studies with assiduity, thereby endeavoring to while away the hours that seemed almost interminable now that Earle was not with her.

But the months went by, and Earle Thornton's fate was still enveloped in mystery. Evening after evening Ethel sought their favorite rock, and looked over land and sea, vainly hoping to obtain a glimpse of the returning wanderer. At length hope died out. Ethel felt that Earle was dead to her, and the name of the boy, who had become a self exile, was was no more heard in the Alton household.

CHAPTER II.

Three years passed. Ethel Thornton was no longer a child; she had developed into a tall, graceful girl—not beautiful, but infinitely charming and attractive.

Since the loss of her brother Ethel had lavished all the tenderness of her heart upon her father, who gradually grew less reserved and cold.

Ethel was just sixteen when Mr. Thornton awoke to the conviction that he should not doom this fair young girl to such a sequestered life.

"Would you care to reside in London?" he said to her one day.

"I think I should like it very much, papa."

Mr. Thornton noted her radiant expression, and sighed. Ethel arose and stood beside him.

"Dear papa," she said in her low, sweet tones, "I am sure it will be a source of grief to you to leave The Waste. I can be quite happy here with you."

"I feel that it is my duty to take my place in the battle of life," rejoined Mr. Thornton. "It was cowardly in me to retire from it, but it may yet be in my power to redeem a wasted past. Had I sooner put aside *self* a great trial might have been spared me."

Ethel silently kissed him, intuitively divining that he alluded to the lost son and brother, and she felt that remorseful thoughts crowded around him.

"Oh, Earle, if you were but here with me now my happiness would be complete," murmured Ethel, as she sat in her room alone that night, and thought of the glowing future opening before her. "I am going to see something of the great world of which we have read and talked together, while *you*——oh! my lost brother!"

The following winter found Mr. Thornton and Ethel established in an elegant mansion in Bedford square. At Mr. Thornton's request Mrs. Lacy, a cousin of his, a pretty young widow, installed herself, as Ethel's chaperon. Mrs. Lacy was far too much admired to be envious of Ethel, and she gladly assumed the responsibility of initiating her into the fascinating mysteries of city life. She intended that Ethel should create a "sensation;" but in this she was disappointed. Ethel was admired, but she was not destined to become a star of the first magnitude. Mrs. Lacy acknowledged with a sigh, that her young charge was eclipsed by at least a half dozen other debutantes. Ethel was far too simple, and frank in her manner, to readily become an adept in the many little arts and wiles so much in vogue in society. She had hitherto led such an isolated life that she could not adapt herself to the gay pleasure seekers which thronged around her, and she possessed few things in common with them. Ethel did not plunge in a vortex of gayety, therefore she enjoyed society, but she always found time to devote to home pleasures and duties. The Sabbath invariably found her seated by her father's side at church.

Mrs. Lacy, for a time, failed to imagine how Ethel could be so outré as not to adopt the prevailing fashion, viz.: to recruit on Sunday preparatory to enduring the fatigue of the ensuing week, and concluded that she (Ethel) must really possess a superfluous amount of energy; but eventually her example drew Mrs. Lacy to the sanctuary, where she learned that the Sabbath was indeed a day of *rest*, the *true* rest of the *soul*.

Mr. Thornton had become absorbed in active philanthropic measures, and it was with a thankful heart that Ethel beheld the careworn expression disappear from her father's countenance, leaving in its stead a settled peace.

It was in London, "that great meeting place of souls," that Ethel first beheld Hastings Cleaveland. Mr. Cleaveland was a high-souled man, full of noble aspirations and lofty ambition, proud, but not arrogant, affable without levity; but some deemed him stern, others cold. He was respected by all.

One morning Ethel Thornton and a party of friends went down to the Water Color Gallery. Ethel was standing alone before a painting representing an Italian scene, entirely absorbed in the contemplation of its beauty, when she was aroused by Mrs. Lacy's light tones.

"Ethel, allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Cleaveland; Miss Thornton Mr. Cleaveland!"

"Mrs. Lacy, you are somewhat of a connisseur, pray come and assist us to decide upon the relative merits of these two paintings," called out Lena Dalmar, from the opposite end of the gallery.

With a laugh, Mrs. Lacy complied with the request.

"I need not ask if you care for paintings, Miss Thornton; I imagine I can draw a correct inference from your countenance," said Hastings Cleaveland in his clear, easy tones.

Ethel smiled back her answer.

"This painting possesses a fascination for me," she said, slowly.

"It is indeed a masterpiece," replied Hastings; "one can almost imagine one feels the influence of the quiet Italian sunset. I have just returned from abroad," he continued, after a slight pause. "I passed several weeks in Florence, and wish that you could see some of the rare paintings, by the old masters, that crowd its galleries."

"It would indeed be a great pleasure," replied Ethel, "I have always longed to travel, to view the beauties and grandeur of other lands."

"I trust that your wish may be realized," rejoined Hastings. "I have been something of a cosmopolite, but now gladly turn to my native land."

"It is nearing the luncheon hour, Ethel," said Mrs. Lacy, as she, with the rest of the party, approached them.

Ethel glanced at her watch.

"One o'clock; can it be so late; how rapidly the morning has passed," she said.

"Your remark is a flattering tribute to Mr. Cleaveland's power of pleasing, Ethel," whispered Lena Dalmar.

"Do you attend Mrs. Ray's soiree to-night?" inquired Mrs. Lacy of Hastings Cleaveland.

"No, yes; I believe I have an invitation," was the reply.

"Then au revoir until this evening."

"What metamorphosis has been effected in the 'grand seigneur' that he consents to honor a soiree with his presence?" exclaimed pretty vain little Myra Ellis, as she shook a shower of golden curls over her glowing cheeks, with coquettish grace. "He effects to despise dancing, and utterly ignores ices, etcetera. Ethel, can *you* give us the solution of the enigma?"

And Ethel replied "No," without a blush or a conscious look.

As Hastings Cleaveland turned to leave the gallery his eye fell upon a little lilac kid glove lying upon the floor. He examined it, and found traced upon the lining the initials "E. T." Other men frequently appropriated gloves, flowers and curls, preserving them as souvenirs of times and places. But Hastings had never cared for such trifles, and he now laid the dainty glove in his pocket (without even a thought of the white hand it had touched) inwardly resolving to return it to its owner. In all this, Hastings Cleaveland looked neither feeling nor appreciation; he was simply practical.

That evening Ethel performed her toilet with emotions of mingled anxiety and expectation. The result must have been satisfactory, for when she stood under the full light of the chandelier, awaiting Mrs. Lacy's criticism upon her appearance, the latter gave one glance at the faultless figure robed in white, the wreath-crowned head, and the satin slippers, and simply said—

"'Veni, vidi, vici.'"

"Have you not one set left?" asked Hastings Cleaveland, as he greeted Ethel in Mrs. Ray's drawing-room, later.

"Yes; but I understood that you did not dance?"

"Neither do I," was the smiling joinder, "but I was about to ask if you would consider it an imposition on my part, were I to beg you to substitute a promenade for the Redowa?"

Ethel bowed. And Hastings wrote down his name upon the ivory tablets.

It was with a sensation of pleasure that Ethel, after the two first sets were over, took Mr. Cleaveland's arm and walked out in the cool conservatory.

Hastings Cleaveland was different from any gentleman that Ethel had yet met. She soon wearied of the compliments and little nothings which composed the greater part of the conversation of those around her, and often wondered if their imaginations presented no other topic than "Affairs de coeur," and the last new Opera. Mr. Cleaveland both entertained and interested her, and her bright eyes and flushed cheeks (she had not yet learned the art of keeping every emotion under perfect control,) well attested her pleasure.

"This is our set, I believe, Miss Thornton?"

"The Lancers!" asked Ethel, as she turned to Olcott Cameron, who had just accosted her, and consulted her tablets, "yes."

She bowed to Hastings, and taking Mr. Cameron's arm, joined the dancers—perhaps a little sorry that her *tete-a tete* was at an end.

Hastings Cleaveland stood watching Ethel as

she moved through the dance; she was neither beautiful nor brilliant, but nevertheless he felt that the fair, white-robed girl, with such wondrous eyes and smile was very charming and loveable. Several times Ethel met Hastings Cleaveland's eyes bent upon her; and it was in vain that she endeavored to appear interested in Mr. Cameron's conversation. Her companion perceived this, and bit his lip with ill-pressed chagrin.

Since Ethel's debut, Olcott Cameron had been one of her devotees. Like man of the world that he was, he exceedingly admired Ethel's style; he imagined she would well perform the honors of his home; that it would be pleasant to have her by his side, leaning back among the luxurious cushions of his well-appointed equipage, as they drove through the Park, envied by those who once hoped to draw the prize that he had won. Therefore, Olcott Cameron decided to eventually propose to Miss Thornton. And as he was, in many points of view, considered *the* match of the season, he entertained no doubt of his acceptance.

The following morning, Hastings Cleaveland called upon Miss Thornton.

That evening, as Ethel stood before her mirror arranging the lusterous pearls in her hair, for the soiree, a bouquet was brought up to her; she glanced at the card attached, "H. C."

With a blush and smile, that only the mirror beheld, Ethel replaced the pearls in her jewelry case, and selecting a few white buds, placed them among her dark braids.

When Mrs. Lacy asked Ethel, in a laughing tone, "Where were her jewels; and did she intend to effect severe simplicity?" the former made no mention of the bouquet, but simply replied, "that she was tired of them; every one wore pearls."

At the soiree, Hastings noted the honor conferred upon his flowers, and felt that there was one rose which, if he could win and wear, would insure his happiness forever.

London was now invested with a new charm to Ethel Thornton. Visits to the Royal Academy, and mornings spent in the Water Color Gallery, were far more enjoyable to her, now that Hastings Cleaveland was by her side to point out new beauties in the paintings, and to interest her with his vigorous remarks and original views.

At length Olcott Cameron awoke to the possibility of his wished-for prize slipping from him, and proposed to Ethel, and was refused! He received his unlooked-for refusal with great equanimity, however. Truly he had never loved her, (his shallow nature was incapable of that passion,) but this dénouement wounded his pride. He considered that the world knew of his attentions to Miss Thornton, and felt that it would conclude that he was discarded. Mr. Cameron thereby imagined himself injured; and an injury was something which he seldom forgave.

He did not avoid Ethel after this. On the contrary, he was as courteous and as friendly as of yore, but in after time she had cause to remember that Olcott Cameron had played the part of a rejected suitor.

When Ethel Thornton's and Hastings Cleaveland's engagement was announced, the London world professed to be a little startled.

"Certainly Miss Thornton was very charming," it said, "but so very quiet and unassuming. It was to be surmised that Mr. Cleaveland would have selected a more brilliant beauty for the future Mrs. Cleaveland?"

Ethel was very confiding; she gave Hastings the whole history of the past. She told him of the mother whom she so dimly remembered; of her father's gloom; and her lonely life at The Waste; but she dwelt longest upon the memory of her lost brother—whom she felt assured slept under the green sod, although she was denied the sad pleasure of beholding his grave.

"She has suffered," was Hastings mental comment, "and my whole future life shall be devoted to promote her happiness."

Alas! the truest love cannot ward off sorrow, which is our heritage.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Sights in China.

After inspecting shops, and elbowing, and being elbowed in the crowd, till afternoon, when I was ready to drop with heat and fatigue, my pilot steered me to a small square, flagged with stone, on which the sun shone fiercely. He called it "beggar square," and told me that all the destitute and abandoned sick in the city crawled, if they could, to this spot, because those who died there received burial at the expense of government. While he spoke, my eyes were fixed upon some heaps of dirty, tattered clothes upon the ground, which presently began to move, and I discovered, to my horror, three miserable creatures, lean, and covered with odious filth, lying in different stages of their last agony, on the bare stones, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. They came here to die, and no one heeded them, or gave them a drop of water or morsel of food, or even a little shelter from the noontide glare. I had seen shocking things of this kind in India, but nothing so horrible.

To insure a climax of disgust, my guide led me straight to a dog-butcher's shop, where several of the nasty, fat, oily carcasses of those animals were hanging for sale. They had not been flayed, but dangled there with their smooth, shining skins, which had been scalded and scraped clean of hair, so that at first I took them for sucking pigs. There were joints of dog, ready roasted, on the counter; and in the back of the shop were several cages in which live dogs were quietly sitting, lolling their tongues out, and appearing very unconcerned.

I saw several cats, also in cages, looking very demure; and, moreover, I saw customers, decorous and substantial looking householders, inspect and feel the dogs and cats, and buy those which they deemed fittest for the table. The cats did not like being handled, and mewed loudly. "What cappen think o' that?" said my guide. "Cappen, s'pose never eat dog? Dog very good, very fat, very soft. Oh, number one dinner is dog!" "And are cats as good?" I asked. "Oh, Chinaman chowchow everything. Chowchow plenty cat. Chinaman nasty beast, I think, cappen, eh?" My cicerone had been so long mixed up with European and American ship captains and missionaries, that he had learned to suit his ideas to his company, if his likes had not actually undergone great modification, as is the case in India with those educated natives of the present day, known to us as specimens of "Young Bengal."

☞ "Is it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own may be a year hence."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 22, 1866.

A NEW STORY
BY
EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post*.

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Peace;" "The Triumph of Truth;" "Hastings;" "Ambrey Derwent;" "Ellie's Trial;" "Temptation;" "Through Storm and Sunshine;" "Come with Me;" "I Love You, Darling;" "Wild Kate;" "Housetonic;" "Catish Descriptions;" "The Pet Monkey;" "Hailing a Cab;" "Instruments;" "Old Pat;" "Mother Goose," &c.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due to the many old subscribers who have come forward with their warm, kind wishes, and promises of continuing with us. It is a pleasant thing to labor for those whose sympathy and approbation have for years been a part of the life which sustained THE POST as a family Journal; and we most cordially thank all who have proved their steadfast interest by the many letters which have found their way to us as the year has drawn to its close. No less cordial a welcome do we give to the new friends who have honored us by their patronage. No less cordial a welcome will we give to those who may yet come; but there is a pleasure to be derived from the kindness of those old friends who have clung to THE POST through long years of sunshine and shadow, which cannot be felt from any other source. The many words of cheer are precious beyond the simple expression found here; and it will be our pride and pleasure ever to merit the esteem and good will so generously manifested.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, that most distinguished festival of the year, is fast approaching.

Its arrival is heralded from every quarter; animation pervades all the departments of life in view of the coming holiday; the children of each and every household are on tip-toe of expectation; a new zest seems imparted to life, and in admiration of so great an occasion which diffuses such happiness, we make it our most profound salutation. It is welcome as a day around which cluster the most cherished associations, as a season of gladness, and interchange of kindness; as a time when bitterness and animosity are forgotten, and old affections revived; pre-eminently is it welcome as the birth-day of the Saviour of a world. And here it is well to notice the two aspects of the day;—its ecclesiastical character and its nature as an anniversary to which attach certain customs and general hilarity.

It has its origin in the first consideration; wherever the Christian religion is promulgated there Christmas obtains a place, for it is coeval with the last dispensation,—the birth of Christ which it celebrates, being the opening feature of Christianity.

As the founder of a faith which we all acknowledge, we commemorate the day of his birth; and though we may not be able to fix with certainty the exact time of such an occurrence, yet there is no less a propriety in observing an occasion which alone gives vitality to that faith. Its observance as a church festival dates back to about the year 450. Previous to that time there is no doubt but the early Christians took some note of the day, and handed it down from one generation to another; yet anterior to 300 they were so persecuted, their faith was yet so as a grain of mustard seed, that we scarcely look for church organization or anniversaries of events. It was not until the Christian faith became that of Constantine by his conversion, that the Christian Church took its place as a national religion; and in process of time the institution of Christmas became a historical fact. It ranks now as the highest festival in the church calender, for which is appropriated special services in the English, Latin, and Greek branches of the church; and these are in turn beautifully foreshadowed in the preceding services of Advent season foretelling the coming of our Saviour as the presence of John the Baptist preceded the actual coming of Christ. So generally is the day acknowledged that dissenters from the English branch of the Church look upon it with more than former favor, and no longer regard it in the light of their bigoted ancestors as a figment of popery.

Though Christmas has its origin in a religious rite, and though our churches are thrown wide open, and the "fir-tree, and the pine, and the box," are brought to beautify the temple of the Lord; and the bells peal their most joyous notes, and the organs swell their fullest diapason; yet the mass of people overlook its legitimate character in conforming to customs which have been engrafted on the day, in devoting it to selfish gratification, and in too many instances to riotous mirth and bestial indulgence. All the pretty customs which attach to it and have their origin in love and kindness are entirely befitting the day, even the pretty conceits of childhood, as "hanging up the stocking," and decorating the Christmas tree, are not without their positive good. Do they not help to give a potency to the hearth-stone of home; to swell the tide of affection in the youthful heart, and keep it from dying out in the elder members of the family? Santa Claus and Krisakingle are part of the romance of childhood. We would not barter our glowing reminiscences of the same for any pleasure which might offer now.

In England the lovers of Christmas extend it over a period of twelve days—"twelfth-night" being the culminating point of festivities. So universal and of so great an account is the holiday, that the whole nation participates in its celebration from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in his cottage. Parliament is prorogued, and if wine and wassail do not so completely absorb the court, as in the days of former kings, yet there is a general abandon to hilarity and mirth. The misletoe, the yule log, the boars-head, the famous Christmas pie, have each their legend in the isle; and on the Continent. Germany abounds with peculiarities all its own. Many fanciful, quaint, and most grotesque superstitions in connexion with the day have had their origin in the past—with nations in a semi-barbaric state—and yet find credence in many parts of our globe—where ignorance and superstition still prevail.

The event which we celebrate is a manifestation of God's love to us—let us therefore dispense love towards others, abound in charity and benevolence to the needy—renew family ties, indulge in harmless recreations, avoid riotous excesses as a desecration of the day; and with a thousand kind wishes give all a "merry—merry CHRISTMAS."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The JANUARY number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "THE FOREST GLEANER," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate, "THE HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET," which the ladies say is magnificent. The LARGE DOUBLE COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casaques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons;" "Clarice," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," "Stories of our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Illness," by Florence Percy; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

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EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
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FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. The publishers give WHEELER & WILSON'S celebrated $55 Sewing Machines on the following terms:

Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$70
Thirty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$85
Forty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$100

Send 15 cents for a sample copy to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE MIND.

Did you ever look into your brain as into a great, seething cauldron, where bubbled, and foamed, and tossed, and hissed, in continual evolution the mongrel thoughts of the mind? Round and round, over and under, hither and thither, up and beneath, eternally round they go, wearing, by constant attrition, the boundaries which confine them. Let us sit like a ghoul at a feast, and taste of an individual *pot pourri*.

Every man has his own; extensive according to the capacity of the vessel, savory in the ratio of his tastes, pungent as wit or keenness prevailed; rich or lean as the marrow abounds; insipid or lively in proportion to the condiments: distilling a delicious aroma, or sending forth a repulsive odor, according to the qualifications: covered with a scum, or boiling free and clear, just as the faculties are cultivated and thought is disciplined.

Having taken our position, let us thrust in our great, seething fork, and detain the first thought which rises to the surface. Ah! what is this? A pretty, pleasant idea just thrown in, incipient in its nature, and requiring the heat and stir of the pot to develope it. Toss it back, and try our luck again. Ah! A merry thought, teeming with fun, on the broad grin, and upsetting the lugubrious notions which it overtakes in its rollicking progress. A very zany in its summersaults, it has pitched heels over head into the maelstrom, and left us staring at an empty prong, while with a sly wink, and significant gesture, it dives deeper for another rebound. In our chagrin we drop the tine, and watch the seething mass. Not like the witches of Macbeth with their incantations, and thrusting in their ingredients,—the material is all there,—and look with calm observation. Grave thoughts seem to struggle for ascendancy, thoughts of life, its aims, the mission of each individual life. By a force inherent within themselves they rise to the surface, and bask for a time in the light of contemplation; soon they give place to thoughts of benevolence, how mankind may be benefitted, iniquity yield to morality, and morality advanced into a higher motive. These in turn give precedence to thoughts of ambition, aspirations for greater attainments, a higher and better walk. Then hope springs to the surface, joy alternates, until in this well-balanced brain, each and every thought comes to the light in a healthful succession. The bubbling is continuous, the boil is incessant, the roll is eternal, seeking affinity with something it has not found, the immortality which is beyond.

Look again. A lighter matter is tossed on the surface, the herbs of trifling thought remain there in constant evolution for the lack of sufficient momentum in more substantial ideas; or the want of a powerful incentive to rise above the floating scum. There are bad thoughts, black emotions down deep in the recesses of the heart which rise to the brain, and being evolved, and revolved, make the surface darker than midnight, unless by repeated attrition against better views, they are worn down, or are so reduced, as to appear but specks on the bubbling mass. Mark again. A prominent thought comes into view; it may be a great one, and most expansive in its nature; it may be good and healthful in moderation; it may be fiendish, or it may be grotesque; it appears prominent on the surface, yields occasionally to the effort of other notions to rise, yet each time offering more resistance, demanding room to the exclusion of all other thoughts until every other is kept down, and wildly it rages in its undivided empire—a monomania. The cauldron is boiling at a white heat, the fused mass whirls, and whirls; in making the circuit complete, it has only created a new impulse to rush on with accelerated speed, until the boundaries are worn to the thinnest semblance of protection, and finally burst into fragments; and thought springs with a rebound to realms beyond the skies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"HAMMOND ON WAKEFULNESS" Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This a very interesting work, which ought to be in every family library. It has been prepared with much evident care, and is calculated to prove of great use to those afflicted with wakefulness, arising from any cause.

"WINIFRED BERTRAM." By the author of Schönberg Cotta Family. Published by M. W. Dodd, N. Y. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS." By the author of Schönberg Cotta Family. Dedicated to children, and most beautifully bound. For sale by J. B. Lippincott.

"WAR LYRICS." By HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

"THE FREEDMAN'S BOOK." By Mrs. CHILD. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by G. W. Pitcher.

"SUN-RAYS FROM FAIR AND CLOUDY SKIES." By Cousin Carrie—author of "Keep a Good Heart." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

☞ It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone is not the most diverting thing in the world.

☞ A truly noble soul will never hate bitterly, even though deeply injured. He stands on too high ground. He may be deeply hurt and much displeased; he may avoid one whom he knows to be an enemy, but he does not harbor hatred in his soul.

☞ The London Spectator, in the course of a caustic and denunciatory criticism of a new poet, remarked: "And this extraordinary production Mr. ——— modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe." The audacious publisher managed to make a favorable notice out of this for his advertisement, thus: "'Extraordinary production * * * equal to Goethe.—Spectator.'"

☞ The very latest case of economy of which we have heard, and which is authentic, says the New Bedford Mercury, is that of an heiress who actually turned old letter envelopes, sewed them up with cotton ravellings, and then used them in her correspondence.

☞ A Saginaw (Michigan) officer started in the cars for Detroit, the other day, with a female prisoner who had been sentenced to the penitentiary. While the officer was absent in another car, the conductor came along for the fares. Female culprit refused to pay. Conductor threatened to put her off the train. Female culprit dared him to do it. Conductor did it.

☞ A sweet potato was raised in Dayton, Ohio, which subsisted a family of ten children for six weeks, and the peeling is now being used as a bed-quilt.

☞ The manufacture of brass buttons at Waterbury, Connecticut, which is now a heavy business, employing several hundred hands, commenced with an ingenious mechanic making some coat buttons from sheet brass. Then a neighbor wanted some, and finally he constructed a simple machine for making them, by which he and his heirs got wealthy; and now a million of dollars are invested in machinery in his native town.

☞ In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

☞ A TOAST.—"The Press: It ex presses truth, re-presses error, im presses knowledge, de-presses tyranny, and op-presses none."

☞ A little girl, after returning from church, where she saw a collection made for the first time, related what took place, and among other things, she said, with all her childish innocence, that "a man passed around a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

☞ A SIMPLE REMEDY.—A New Hampshire gentleman says: "Take two large tablespoonsful of cologne and two teaspoonsful of fine salt; mix them together in a small bottle; every time you have any acute affection of the nerve, or neuralgia, simply breathe the fumes in your nose from the bottle, and you will be immediately relieved."

Echoes.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

II.

I don't mean sounds. Here is what I do mean:

"Mr. Smith, don't you think the month of November was delightful this year?"

"Very delightful."

"Rather cold for the time of year, though, was it not?"

"I think it was quite cold."

"Mr. Smith, don't you think the Prince of Wales acted like an ill-mannered school boy at Liverpool recently?"

"Yes, miss."

"Don't it seem to you that the *Atlantic Monthly* clique are running their Mutual Admiration Society a little too hard lately?"

"It appears so to me, miss."

"The *Atlantic* is 'at the head of American Monthlies,' is it not?"

"It is certainly at the head."

"Mr. Smith, don't you think Government ought to incline to mercy and pardon poor Jeff. Davis?"

"Yes, miss, I think Government ought to pardon him."

"Mr. Smith, do you know it has lately been discovered that the moon is made of green cheese?"

"Aw—*really*, miss?"

That's what I mean. Whereby it will be seen that the word echo is not a noun neuter, but a noun masculine or feminine, as the case may be. That is to say, take an echo, clothe it in flesh and blood and bones, leave out the brains, let it wear pantaloons or crinoline as you please, and you will have my exact idea.

Did you ever meet any of my echoes? That elegant lie called "good society" is full of them. They are the most graceful dancers at the Apollinea, the very best bouquet holders at the opera. They never shock your darling prejudices. Oh, dear, no! and they insist upon agreeing with you in every minute particular with a pertinacity which nearly drives you crazy. They are of your mind so entirely altogether that you, with your wildest propositions, can no more startle them than you can kill an alligator with bird shot. If you should tell them that you were about to make a three months' journey to heaven, they would only express a polite wish that the climate might agree with you! They assent eternally to everything you say, they fret your nerves and wear out your temper to that degree where it would give you unspeakable delight to fling the tongs at their heads. (N. B.—I often feel so myself.)

Good society has a pet name for her masculine echo. Do you know what it is? Whithersoever the echo in pantaloons goeth, he is that most excruciatingly tiresome of all wretches, "a nice young man." My gentleman friend, as you value your earthly good name, never let your acquaintances speak of you as that remarkable-for-nothing-in-particularest of all mankind—a nice young man. Anything but that. Rather even let them call you a Brigadier General, if they will. Rather be a dog and bay the moon. For a nice young man is the hollowest of all echoes.

The nice young man has his feminine counterpart. *Did you ever think what a dead weight of inane mediocrity drags itself behind the expression, "an amiable young lady?"* If not, just do it now. Do people call you an amiable young lady? It means that your whole mortal existence has so far been very much like blanc mange without any sauce. Not a grain of spice; not a bit of either sweet or sour; not a drop of the red wine of life in you. It means that you haven't an honest, decided opinion of your own about any subject in the world. That you are only a reflection in a looking-glass of the tastes, manners, and fashions of those around you; a mere walking dressmaker's show-figure, nothing more. It means that there is nothing bright and keen and glad in your nature, but that you are dead and dull and commonplace to the heart's core. Be a scold, a hoyden, a flirt, if you will, but for heaven's sake *don't* be an amiable young lady. I'd rather be called a woman's rights lecturer.

My echo is the person who "hasn't an enemy in the world." No wonder. Neither has a dead oak log.

So much for good society's echoes. There is another still worse. It is the literary echo, the puny Polly-wants-sugar imitator of some leading writer. If a would-be aspirant after literary honors hasn't wit enough to find a style of his own, he may take it for an infallible sign that he at last has no divine calling to be an author. And if some highfalutin critic tells him that such and such a passage is worthy a Tennyson or a Carlyle, or some other great light in literature, let him know if for a dead certainty. An ape isn't a genius, nor a parrot an original thinker.

The faculty of imitation is a most useful one. It teaches a young gentleman to smoke and swear, and a young lady to mak "mizing" and to wear waterfalls. But I doubt if it ever made an author.

Some time ago, a very bad English nobleman, Byron by name, introduced to the reading public a style of poetry, half reckless, and wholly wicked. From that day to this, long-haired youths in turn-down collars, with all that bad English nobleman's immorality, and none of his genius, have unceasingly dosed the world with spasmodic effusions of Byronic trash.

Within the last half century, a matter of twenty years ago, it may have been, somebody, I know not who, but a person who would better have had his funeral preached before he did it, wrote a sentimental, moony novel. I wonder how many two-penny scribblers, since that day, have echoed "down the corridors of time" this sentimental and moony way of novel-writing?

Don't write feeble echoes. If you have a thing to say in your own way, say it; the world will be glad to hear it; if you haven't, keep still. If your friend tells you that you have drawn a caricature equal to Dickens, don't feel flattered. On the contrary, tear it up. If anybody says that you have a sense of the beautiful as fine as Mrs. Browning, don't let your sense of the beautiful fly away with your common sense. Above all and before all, never echo the "fine old English authors." Charles Lamb says: "In the catalogue of books which are no books, I reckon generally all those volumes 'which no gentleman's library should be without.'" He is right.

Be yourself. If kindly nature has organized you to love music and poetry, love them with a single-hearted enthusiasm, but never drag up any pseudo-enthusiasm to echo the devotion of another, if she has not. Keep evermore alive within you the brave, bright spirit which dares to be honest.

ZIG.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

A Bandit Governor—A Wind-Mill Fortress—A Queer Tangle—Turning Mill Wrights—Satisfactory Success.

We were approaching Cordova by a something devious way, certainly. But as our visit to that fine interior Buenos Ayrean town had nothing of business importance in it, there was no reason why we should hurry forward. If there were side objects of interest, amusement, or instruction to be met with by making detours, why not make them and educate ourselves by the way? we argued, and so we wandered rather widely from the direct route to Cordova.

We had all heard frequently enough of the provincial celebrity—Don Bertram Valverde, the companiero, farmer, trader, doctor, "devil," and bandit of Santo Fe, as who was there having been six months in any province of the Rio de la Plata, who had not? For five or six years past, it had been the practice of Rosas twice every year to offer a reward of five thousand dollars for the person of Senor Bertram Valverde—dead or alive. And always by the side of Rosas's Proclamation, there would appear a printed poster offering a reward for the person of Don Manuel Rosas—*dead*—of ten thousand dollars, the posters signed *Bertram Valverde*.

The explanation of the imbroglio is, that for many years Buenos Ayres had held possession of and worked the productive silver mines of Potosi in Bolivia—that semi-annually there came down from thence long Buenos Ayrean treasure trains, which Don Valverde as regularly laid under contribution somewhere on the route; always appropriating one-fifth of the silver cargoes of all the carts.

Though notoriously a bandit, Don Bertram was in no sense an ordinary highwayman—never robbing individuals, or in any manner meddling with private property. And then he was always so liberal and openhanded—so affable, generous, and just in all his dealings, that in his own, and three of the river provinces to the northward, he was regarded almost as a saint by all classes of society—so that there was considerable more probability of the dead body of the Dictator coming some day into his hands, than there was of Don Valverde's ever falling into the hands of Buenos Ayrean justice. Happily, however, neither of these events ever occurred.

The singular man had heard something of our party, and correctly so far as his information went, of the motives which induced our erratic wanderings. So while we had turned aside from our direct route to Cordova, that we might obtain a glimpse at least of the celebrity at his Santa Fean head-quarters, Don Bertram was journeying towards Cordova, to meet, and invite us to his estancia, and under somewhat peculiar circumstances, we met midway between the two provincial capitals.

We had gained the great thoroughfare which connects Santa Fe and Cordova, a little after sunset; and as it was just the setting in of the pampero season, when the nights are chilly and comfortless out doors, we were pushing on at a brisk trot to reach one of the better class posadas which we had been advised was located some three leagues in advance of us.

In turning an abrupt bend in the road, we came suddenly upon a cart train of some ten vehicles, all huddled together in confusion, and in among them, fifty at least, ferocious-looking fellows wearing the red trowsers, grey blankets, and yellow caftans of the Santa Fe soldiery, but none the less marauders and highway robbers, out of their own province, which they were by half a dozen leagues or so.

Our first demonstration was a display of revolvers, and peremptory orders to the outlaws as we rode in among them, to suspend their plundering operations, restore the property they had robbed the travellers of, and permit them to proceed on their journey.

The response from the rascals was a simultaneous vaulting to saddle, a derisive laugh—an exhibition of old-fashioned "flint locks," and a supercilious command from their chief to go on about our business, and not presume to interfere with them. The pampa fools had probably never seen or heard of a Colt's revolver in their lives, and were as ignorant of its destructive habits when handled by an expert, as they were indifferent to the rights of private property.

Under such circumstances a conflict was imminent, and there would have been blood shed and lives lost, but for a timely and unlooked-for interference of a third party. Down the way, from the Santa Fe direction, there came at a swinging gallop, a horseman superbly mounted, and followed at a few yards distance, by four handsome young cavalliros in very showy uniform.

At the very first glimpse of the strange riders, there was confusion and consternation among the robbers, and such hurried exclamations as—"*Quein el isio!*" "*Eda Don Bertram!*" "*El Diavo!*" "*Yo no culpa,*" and the like.

The foremost horseman dashed in among us, seized the chief of the bandits by the throat, flung him backwards to the ground as quick as thought, and when the discomfited rascal staggered to his feet, the stranger stood beside him.

"So you are at your vile practices again, Captain Brasi?" the man said, in a quiet way. "You have given us much trouble of late. I shall take care that you do no more mischief. Col. Ortiga, you will see that this fellow is securely tied to his horse, and taken to Santa Fe. As for you fellows—thieves—robbers—*ladrones*—you will place all your arms in those carts, and ride to your quarters in town. I shall attend to you by-and-by."

Then the man looked from one to another of our party and instinctively guessing who we were, he held out his hand frankly to Doctor Bond, who happened to be nearest to him, and said—

"Welcome—I was riding to meet and invite you all to pay me a visit. I am Valverde, the *bandit*, and at present *Governor* of Santa Fe."

Then he rode from one to another, until he had shaken hands with, and said to each member of our company, male and female, some gentlemanly and courteous word of welcome. Thus we made the acquaintance of the Santa Fe celebrity, who rode back in company with us to the posada, having dispatched the disarmed *saldado* robbers on in advance.

We had pictured Don Bertram as a great grizzly savage in appearance and manners, and were therefore greatly astonished to find him a rather slender, finely-formed, youngish, and as polished, gentlemanly, handsome a man as we had ever seen.

Upon our arrival at Santa Fe, Senor Valverde conducted us to his fine estancia, located on a commanding eminence about a mile and a half from the town. The place was surrounded by an *adobe* wall, fifteen feet in height and four in thickness at the base, plastered white, and armed with an abattis of broken bottles set in cement, all along the top, defying an escalade by anything human.

Within the inclosure there was more order, system, and home-like arrangements than we had seen anywhere else in any one establishment in the La Platan provinces. But the especial feature of the place was a windmill—a regular Tower of Babel in miniature, and like that tower, incomplete, that is, the masonry of the structure, which in itself was a fortress, had been some five years finished, but the milling fixtures were wanting. Don Bertram had them on hand—too many of them. That was the trouble.

When the structure—which was an octagonal tower of immense strength, with port-holes like a man-of-war, and three tiers of platforms within, on which cannon were mounted—was commenced some seven years previously, Senor Valverde had began to send abroad for sails, fixtures, gearing, and burrs, for a windmill. His first order was from France, and he got a set of machinery more complicated than a Geneva watch, which none of the mechanics of the country could find either head or tail to, and it was bundled away into a store-house as unavailable. The second order was from Hamburg, and he got a German puzzle, five times more blind than the first. Then Don Bertram sent to England, and got a windmill-wonder, that it was very doubtful if the inventor and builder himself could ever have put together in working condition. This was stowed away with the French and Dutch abortions, and the fourth windmill order went to the United States.

In due time, there came from New York a very beautiful set of fixtures, with burrs, bolts, and everything all complete—as simple as anything could be, except the mechanics of Santa Fe, who were so abominably simple, that they couldn't have set up an old-fashioned cheese-press that any one else had made. So the New York machinery was condemned as incomprehensible, and there stood the windmill-fortress-tower, idle, a dead waste of capital, simply for the want of ordinary mechanical skill to set it in operation.

On the second day of our visit to *Mount Vernon*—the bandit governor having named his "Capitol Hill" after the home and burial place of our Washington—Don Bertram was showing us his fortress-tower and the mill fixtures, and lamenting that he had never been able to find a mechanic competent to put the mill in working order—declaring at last that he would give freely five thousand dollars to any one who should do so.

We guessed among ourselves that we should be able to accomplish the job satisfactorily at a great deal less cost; and after a brief consultation and examination of the mass of machinery, we proposed to Senor Valverde that if he would supply us with what laboring force was required, we would undertake to put the mill in serviceable condition gratuitously. He was delighted, not that he cared anything for the money he would save, but the mill was really much needed, there being none in Santa Fe, or the near neighborhood.

A force of two hundred men was placed at our command, being just five times as many as we had any need for—and directly we began overhauling and sorting out windmill machinery. It was almost an interminable tangle, having been overhauled on an average four times every year by all sorts of mechanical pretenders—English, French, Dutch, Danes, natives, Italians, Austrians, and Russians, Portuguese, and Prussians, mastering them all, and each time pitched back in confusion worse confounded.

We were none of us practical mechanics, but some of us had very good mechanical ideas, many had ingenuity, all of us energy, and a will to conquer. Having decided in favor of the New York machinery; a little study of the principles enabled us to comprehend details, and we went on with our windmill construction with a facility that utterly astounded the hundred artisans of Santa Fe, who watched our progress closely, all prophecying always our failure, arguing from their own stupid blunders. Indeed, we were no little astonished ourselves, when at noon on the eighth day of our labors, with a fine, fresh breeze we spread sail, geared up the two sets of burrs, filled the hoppers, drew the check, and saw every part of the machinery performing as beautifully as ever mill machinery did anywhere in this world, streaming out from the patent, vertical bolts, beautiful flour, equal to "Haxall."

As soon as our success was fully understood, there burst out shouts of "*Viva el Molino de vento Americano!*" (hurra for the American windmill,) from a thousand throats; the cannon thundered from the tower-fortress, up flashed rockets in all directions, wine flowed like water, everybody went wild—Don Bertram almost crazy with delight—and a grand carnival was inaugurated at the Santa Fean *Mount Vernon*, that lasted the remainder of all the day and all through the night, Senor Valverde, in the ecstasy of his admiration, christening his new flouring establishment the *Washington Mills*.

☞ NEW USE FOR SEWERS.—All along the Boulevard du Palais the water-pipes are placed in the sewers. When the subterranean canalization of Paris is completed, the sewers will inclose not only the water and gas pipes, but likewise the electric wires by which the telegraph officers communicate with each other.

☞ It is said that Baron Gustave de Rothschild, who recently married Miss Anspach, received a dowry of twenty thousand pounds with her. On the evening of the wedding, he asked a first favor of her; she consented, of course, and he handed her an envelope containing twenty thousand pounds, and begged her to place it "to the credit" of her little sister's dower.

☞ The latest fashion in Paris is for ladies to be accompanied, in the drive or promenade, by immense dogs. One lady attracts great attention an account of a monster which follows her about. It is almost like a young pony, and imported from Wurtemburg, where the race is nearly extinct.

☞ The first day a little fellow went to school recently, the teacher asked him if he could spell.

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, how do you spell boy?"

"Oh, just as other people do."

☞ Somebody has said that "We ought always believe less than we are told." This may be a safe maxim for general use, but when a woman entrusts you—in confidence of course—with her age, you may always believe a great deal more than you are told."

KISSING A "BLUE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HARRIE EVANS.

I had an adventure once upon a time; quite an adventure, as every one will allow when they have heard my narrative. The ones principally concerned were myself and a gay and festive young lieutenant; and the sequel was interesting in the extreme to both of us. But I will not anticipate.

I was the only child of my father, and he a widower. I was not a novel-heroine, with azure eyes, ruby lips, and a wealth of golden hair floating around my slight form. No indeed: I think not! I was simply a good-looking, energetic, Yankee girl, with a great aversion to dandies' signboards—in other words, moustaches, and a great love for locks. I was consequently voted a blue-stocking, by all of my acquaintance, and had reached the advance age of twenty-five, without having had an offer. These preliminaries having been disposed of, I will dive into the depth of my story at once.

The supper-table was waiting for the tea, and the tea was waiting for father. I sat musing by the firelight, when the door-bell rang. Supposing it to be my paternal, I rushed eagerly to the door, exclaiming, "Hallo! so you've got home at last?" "Hallo;" answered a strange voice, and I was seized by a large bundle, consisting mostly of overcoat and beard, and kissed with gusto. Kiss after kiss was flung into my astonished face. They were piled upon my lips, they pelted my eyelids, they rattled like bullets against my cheeks. Smack after smack echoed through the hall, and their thunder notes almost deafened me. Terror and surprise had kept me dumb; but I finally so far recovered my self-possession as to seize my assailant by the hair, and drawing my three feet of womanhood up to five, I exclaimed, in a terrific voice, "Who are you, sir? What do you mean by such unparalleled insolence?" Ah, how my eyes flashed, and my cheeks flushed, and I doubled up my infantile fist, and deposited it with some force right in the middle of his over-coat. Then the strong, manly arm was withdrawn, and the manly voice exclaimed, "Confound it! let go of my hair. Who in the name of the stars and stripes, are you?" "Lillie Haven is my name," I answered, proudly, "and a good, respectable name it is, and I'm not ashamed of it; neither do I wish to change it." The unknown hero whistled expressively,—"Lilly ought to be *my* name," he said, in a vexed tone; "what a fool I have made of myself. Do please forgive me, for getting into the wrong house and mistaking you for my sister; and make me forever grateful by telling me where Mrs. Standish lives." I informed him that that estimable individual resided in the next edifice—and with a polite bow, he departed. Then straightway *I*, ridiculous, nervous *I*, walked through the hat-stand, and knocked myself down against the banisters, and finally arrived in the parlor, where I lit ten matches without stopping to take breath, and threw them away again; gave all the cream in the pitcher, that I had been reserving for father, to the cat; looked at myself in the door instead of the looking-glass; sat down on my work-basket, and put my feet in the spittoon; and finally ended this strange performance by crying heartily. Now I suppose you will expect me to tell you a romantic story, that I was smitten immediately by my unknown assailant. I shall do no such a thing. I was only *provoked*. Neither did I fall in love with him, a few evenings afterward, when I was introduced to Lieutenant Standish, and found him, as I had concluded he must be, quite *kissable*. Perhaps you'd like a description of him, but I shan't give one, as he might not suit every one's ideas of beauty. He certainly did not look very beautiful to me at that time, for the more I saw of him, the more I hated him. It seemed to me that I never did an awkward or ridiculous thing without meeting his provoking eyes fixed upon me with an amused expression. In any assembly his entrance was the signal for me to step on some old gentleman's gouty toe, knock over some piece of furniture, or to perform any other deed necessary for my complete confusion. I considered Lieutenant Jo. Stadish's *evil eye* the cause of my many misdeeds, and disliked him accordingly. During our acquaintance he had made only one allusion to our first meeting. He made this remark once—"Mother had moved since my departure, and I had some difficulty in finding the house," and his eyes sparkled with fun as the "difficulty" blushed crimson and murmured faintly, "Yes, ma'am." So the weeks went by, and the lieutenant's furlough had nearly expired. I rejoiced heartily at the prospect of his departure, and growing benevolent from excess of joy, I invited him to take tea with us before he went away. So it came to pass, that as I sat at the window, one Monday evening, I saw him coming up the walk with father. Here I will introduce a moral for the benefit of the community at large. Never give a general invitation to a *man* to visit you; reason—he'll be sure to come *Monday night*. I never knew it fail. I was tired and cross, and was conscious of looking very badly. So when I saw the advancing figures, I dashed up stairs to "beautify." A bright ribbon was a decided addition, and as I pinned on my curled waterfall before the mirror, I regarded the image reflected therein with considerable satisfaction. But alas! my pride was destined to have a fall. As I descended the stairs, carelessly humming an air as if ignorant of the gay lieutenant's presence, I caught the heel of my boot on the stair-rod, and, alas that I should have to confess it, down I went, thundery, blundery, rattle, crash, clear to the bottom. The sound of my falling brought father and his guest to the scene of action. I was not hurt, only vexed at my carelessness; yes, more than vexed, thoroughly angry as I met the look of anxious solicitude in those hateful eyes. I was perfectly beside myself; and when at the tea-table I dropped a plate of cake, and knocked over the tea-pot into my lap, the measure of my confusion was full. Father looked at me in a puzzled manner, and inquired if I had recovered from the effects of my fall, to which I answered, "Oh, yes indeed, if you please," and tittered in an idiotic manner. I never spent a more uncomfortable evening in my life; but I believe that provoking fellow enjoyed it. I didn't make a single sensible remark; and was horrified to find myself eating my finger-nails furiously. When he rose to go, he remarked, "There is to be a pic-nic on Thursday, Miss Priscilla, to celebrate my departure. May I be your escort?" "Is it to be a fire-cracker celebration?" I inquired, in a half-foolish, half-sprightly tone. "No," he returned. "I had the fire-crackers when I came home;" whereupon he looked roguishly at me, and caused me to blush so piteously, that I almost forgot to accept his invitation. "What a fool I was to accept it," I said to myself, in the privacy of my own room. "I shall be sure to get the reins entangled around my neck, and just as like as not hang myself. How I hate him! I hope it will rain, or I'll have the sick headache, or *something*." But "something" didn't interfere, and Thursday morning dawned gloriously bright and beautiful. It was in the latter part of October, but the weather was still warm and delightful. The first frosts of the early autumn had thrown their gray mantle over the earth, and the gorgeous Indian summer had painted it with a thousand dyes. The oaks flung out their fiery banners from every hill-side, and the maples blushed to keep them company. For miles and miles around us the orchards and forest surged in gorgeous waves of crimson scarlet and yellow. From this glorious temple of Nature the blue mists of the Indian summer seemed rising as incense to Heaven, and my thoughts and aspirations winged their way with it. I looked at my companion. He was scrutinizing me with a queer look in his handsome eyes, but when I spoke to him he turned his attention to something more worthy of it. A pleasant ride we had through the fire-crowned woods, and before we thought it possible the pic-nic grounds were before us. Most of the party had arrived before us, and we were greeted with considerable surprise by the assembled nations. Some very teazing remarks were made which I inwardly vowed to repay some time. "Why, Joe!" exclaimed Cousin Fred, "did you know Lillie was a blue stocking? Wouldn't I have enjoyed seeing you ride up together, though? It would have been 'just old peaches.' I'll wager my hat band that Gettysburg was nothing to it." "Miss Priscilla and myself have made up our quarrels and laid down our arms," answered Lieut. Joe, "and as to the 'blue' insinuation she can deny it for herself. Are you a blue stocking?" inquired he in an appealing manner like an injured infant. I started, and said carelessly, "No, ma'am, that is, excuse me. Yes, sir, certainly," then as I saw the amused look in his eyes my half-dispelled hatred came back, and, turning angrily on my heel, I walked off, contriving, however, to stub my toe against an old stump, and gracefully throwing out my arms to save myself, I made a beautiful tableau for all beholders. Angry at the lieutenant, and at myself, I walked off into the thickest part of the woods. After walking for some time I came to a little open spot, where the sun fell in golden net-work upon the carpet of crimson leaves. Here I sat me down, but not to sing, for I did just the other thing, I cried. I could have shot myself, I was so provoked at my outlandish actions. I knew I hated Jo. Standish. Of course I did. And he must think me about half witted. Well, what if he did? I didn't care what he thought, I said to myself. Not a bit of it. He didn't know much himself. Well, I very foolishly wasted several hours thinking of that person I was so very sure I hated. And it so happened that when I came to my senses I discovered by the lengthening shadows cast by the sun that it was long past noon. Autumn is not the best season to sit upon the grass. And I felt cold and stiff as I rose and looked around me. But I could not remember the exact direction from which I had come. More than ever provoked at myself I guessed at the direction of the pic-nic grounds, and dashed forward. But after a brisk walk of fifteen minutes I found myself, to my complete astonishment, back in the same opening I had started from. Nothing daunted I set forward in another direction, but a small creek crossing my path warned me that I was going wrong. "Priscilla Haven has been making a fool of herself for some weeks, but her simplest freaks were wise in comparison with this," I thought angrily. "Now, you ugly girl, you've lost yourself, and I think it will be a good lesson for you!" But I concluded that my milk was split and there was no use in crying for it, so I started forward again, humming carelessly and swinging my hat on my arm. But of course I got into more trouble. "It never rains but it pours," but in this case *it hailed* misfortunes upon poor helpless me. As I passed carelessly under the low branches of a large oak, my hair caught in the swaying bough, and I was brought suddenly to a stand-still. With an impatient "Oh, dear," I put up my hand to disentangle it, but found that my long tresses had wound themselves so lovingly around the branch that I was impossible for me to remove them. My efforts to escape only tightened my fetters. I tried to break the branch, but of course so frail a creature as a woman couldn't do it. I had no knife with me, and although I tried to break my hair my efforts were unsuccessful. "What shall I do?" I said despairingly, when all at once that hateful, provoking Jo. Standish stood before me. He laughed merrily when he saw my awkward plight, and said, "Well, Absalom, do you want my assistance?" "I think you had better smite me, or rather slay me," I answered desperately. He came toward me, and before I became aware of his intentions took both of my hands in his, and looking into my eyes said, "You have been the one to do the smiting. Do not add to your sins by slaying. Will you marry me?" Then for the first time it popped into my foolish head that Lieut. Standish whom I hated so much, I *didn't hate!* I suppose I made some remark to that effect, for before I knew it the "blue" was kissed for the second time. Well I suppose all this doesn't interest the uninitiated, so I will only add that my hair was restored to me by the care of my cavalier, and my waterfall, which had fallen to the ground, was pinned on by the same skillful hands. Then feeling in better humor than I had been for some weeks, I was led in triumph to the grounds where we found the party much troubled concerning our absence. But as they saw we had suffered no detriment they were appeased, and we started gayly for home. Well, well! what's the use of talking, as the old ladies say. I've been married just a week and haven't fallen down stairs yet, though I have been kissed by the gay and festive lieutenant several times.

☞ A gentleman got into a street car crowded with ladies, in Chicago. As he looked along the line of ladies in an apparently inquiring manner, one of them, the youngest and prettiest of the lot, acting on the principle of "doing as you would be done by," rose and gravely motioned him to her seat. He blushed, and declined. She stood and insisted by look and gesture. Neither spoke, and the embarrassing position was only terminated by the gentleman beating a hasty retreat amid a fusilade of silvery laughter.

☞ An Irishman describes metaphysics as follows:—"Two men are talking together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ERAW.

Aunty Scranton at Malachi's.

Malerky, my dear son, how *be* you? How *dew* ye dew? I thort I'd take ye on surprise, so I never writ ter let ye know 't I was a comin'. An' this here is yer wife, Malerky? La, sus, how dew you dew, my sweet little pink? Why you're as han'some an' as rosy as a posygarding, I dew declare! Wall, now, my dear darter, it does seem queer 't you've ben married ter my son Malerky so long, an' I haint never come ter the sight on ye before. I've allers ben a lookin' fur Malerky ter fetch ye up hum ter make me a visit, but I s'pose the reason he haint is 'cause he allers has ben so despert busy sence the war fust begun. Wall, I think it's altergether best fur business men ter 'tend right tew ther 'faire themselves. It's the on'y way ter prosper. I'm sure, Malerky, you wouldn't never 'a got along an' made money hand over fist as you have ef you hadn't 'tended tew yer consarns yerself. One thing is sarting; ef a body don't dew ther own business nobody won't dew it for 'em.

"How is Sook an' Jake?" Oh, they 're a gittin' along smartly. Jake he's got a intrest in the White Rock mill, an' is a goin' pooty steep inter manoofact'rin; he's super o' the mill, an' I s'pose manages the hull business, an' does pooty much as he pleases. Manoofact'rin' is the best business ther is out now, Malerky, so folks says, an' I spect Jake 'is on the road ter bein' a rich man, an' I hope ter the land he is, fur ef he does git rich he'll be the fust Cole 't ever I knowed thet did. But, Malerky, I don't see as there's anything in creation ter hinder Jake's makin' money.

Now what business be you intew, Malerky? You think some o' goin' intew manoofact'rin', taw, hey? I reckoned you would. I s'pose thet now 't the war's over yer old business of army contractin' is completely tew an end, aint it? Yis, wall I thort it was. Haint you did nothin' this summer? Ben a speklestin' a little, hey? Wall, did ye make anything by it? What say? You want me ter put in my bank stork with yourn ter go inter business with. Why I was ruther thinkin' o' lettin' Jake invest some o' my property along o' Sook's in manoofact'rin'; they say manoofact'rin' capital will more 'n double itself in a yeer. Dew you think you can dew any better 'n that with my money? What? You think you can invest it in a mill where it 'll more 'n double itself in six months? Really, now, dew ye, Malerky? What mill is it? What? You must keep it a secret for the present fur business purposes? An' be ye sure it's as good a chance as you think it is? 'cause I don't wanter ventur on no uncertainties. It's a capertal chance ter make money, then, is it? How soon must you have the bank stork? Right away? Bless me! I dunno about decidin' upon a thing so sudding. What say? I never 'll have another sich a chance? Wall, ef thet's so, an' you're *sure* about it, why you can use my bank stork 'long with yourn.

Wall, now, ter change the subjeck, Malerky, my son, an' you, my dear darter, what would you both say of I was ter tell you thet I was a goin' ter git married? Lor you needn't be so tickled about it, fur I dew serisly think o' gettin' married myself. "Who is the happy man? Is he rich?" Yes *that* he is; rich as a Jew; but *who* he is I know you wouldn't never guess not ef I was ter give ye as long as from time tew eternity ter guess in; so I might jest as well tell ye ef you're anxious ter know. It aint no more nor less a man then Mister Sampson Whipple. What say? "Sampson Whipple aint rich?" Yes he is, tew, rich as a Californy nabob. Lor haint you heered nothin' about his havin' a son Jim thet died away up country, an' left a sight o' property, an' no heirs but his father? Wall, he did, an' there was a hundred an' fifty thousand dollars o' the property, an' Sampson has the hull on't, enough ter live like a prince upon fur the rest o' his nat'ral life; an' so as quick as ever Sampson got ter be a rich man what does he dew but up an' come right ter me an' pop the question fust thing; an' I'm a goin' ter have 'im tew; an' I tell ye what, my dear childun, when I'm Miss Sampson Whipple *I'll* show ye how ter live in style an' make a display, see ef I don't!

An' jest let me tell ye now, my dear darter an' son, what you've got ter dew. You've got ter make me a weddin'—a good, nice, grand weddin', sich as 'll take the shine off o' everything o' the kind that ever happened in Gadall; fur let me tell ye, I've broke up housekeepin' an' let my house, an' packed my houseu stuff, an' come off up here, an' here I'm a goin' ter stay till I git married, an' that won't be long fust nythor; fur the day is set, an' it's ter be a week from Sunday night, an' everything must be got in readiness, my weddin' things fixed, an' all the goodies bought, an' the weddin'-cake cooked up, an' the company invited, an' the hull business 'tended tew in season. Sampson he's a comin' up here once tew see me 'fore the weddin', an' I 'spect he'll come next Sunday, an' them I'm ter let 'im know fur sarting the day an' the hour. I spect Sampson 'll come up here all flyin' with his new, splendid, double hoss team, an' a bran new kerridge that he's jest went an' bought, an' I tell ye you'll see signts 'fore long or I miss my guess. Malerky, you must buy me my weddin' dress an' new bonnit, an' fixins' ter compare, an' you can get 'em jest as rich an' han'some as you want ter see yer dear mother stan' up in; an' you, my dear darter, I want you ter go with me this very day an' engage a dressmaker ter come here an' make it up. I want a lot o' the very best weddin' cake—you can make it or buy it, but it's my opinion it 'll be better made then bought; an' you'd commence the preparations tew once. Now, my dear darter, ef you've a min' ter, you may git me a lunch, an' make me a good, nice, dish o' tea—I allers want tea with my lunch, an' I like my tea pooty strong: an' then, when I'm rested, I want ye ter take me over the house ter see the sights, 'cause I sha'n't be able ter set down contented till I've ben all over yer splendid residunce frum addick ter suller. Have a pinch o' snuff, darter?

☞ Nations have their lives as well as individuals, only they lack the clear and unmistakable symptoms by which nature marks the progress from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age; they are as finite as the persons who compose them, only without the same data for determining the progress of their existence.

☞ If Brigham Young's one hundred wives favor their lord with Curtain Lectures, what, oh, what, must be the nature of "Young's Night Thoughts."

AT THE SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Near the last of October
I went down to the spring:
The air was chill: a cricket
Most dismally did sing.

A little brown bird half-tame
With quick eyes seemed to say,
"What has come over our world,
Where is the sun to-day?"

I dipped my bucket slowly
Into the brimming spring,
And I sighed, "I do not like
The looks of anything."

I miss the little blue flower
In the field as I pass,
Where its clear eyes used to smile
Up at me from the grass.

Now I see no blossom nigh
But a wide-eyed daisy,
And the rude wind fleers at her,
The poor thing is crazy.

Yon fence o'ergrown with lichen
Is a skeleton snake,
Slow winding its ugly length
Through brier and through brake.

Ah, me! it is very sad,
Change on everything,
I shall not come with pleasure
Any more to the spring.

LIZZIE MATTIERS.

TEA ROSES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ESSEX.

Cora Lindsay stood at the window of her handsome parlor, looking out into the crowded street with a troubled, sad expression on her sweet face. She was thinking of her sister, her only sister, wondering where she was on this chill winter evening, longing with all the earnestness of an affectionate nature to see her, and to share with her the luxuries which surrounded her.

Long ago, ten years ago, the two girls, Cora and Clara, had been separated by one of those terrible convulsions that sometimes break up a family circle. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay had never lived happily together. The marriage was a false one to begin with. There was no sympathy between the two, their tempers and characters were totally dissimilar. After many years of misery they had finally separated voluntarily, each taking one of the little girls. Cora could remember very well the scenes of contention that darkened her childhood, and the utter misery of the parting with the little sister and the mother that she loved so well.

At first, after this separation, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay occasionally met, and the sisters passed a few pleasant days together, but for the last four years there had been no such meeting. Mrs. Lindsay had gone to live in her native village in New Hampshire, while Cora had resided with her father in the city, so that there had been little opportunity for any exchange of visits. During this time Clara's letters had grown less and less frequent, until for a year past Cora had not heard from her at all. Her last three letters had remained unanswered, and one which she finally received from a friend in the same town informed her that Mrs. Lindsay and Clara had left there many months before.

Recently Mr. Lindsay had died. Cora was now alone in the world, and sole inheritrix of her father's wealth. The last obstacle to a meeting between herself and her sister was removed, and she longed intensely to see again her sweet Clara. She knew, too, that her mother's fortune had not been so ample as her father's, and she was impatient to make her a sharer in her wealth. Yet where was her sister? This question was one that haunted her day and night in her lonely life.

Since her father's death she had boarded in a private family, having her own handsome rooms, and feeling that she thus had some protection: but she would have been very solitary, despite her many friends, but for the devotion of her accepted lover, Alfred Talbot. She was roused now from her gloomy reverie by his entrance.

"Oh, Alfred, I am so glad to see you."

And he was something very pleasant to see, with his bright, honest face and earnest eyes.

"My dearest, I thought you would be lonely this dark, stormy evening, and I came early."

"What have you there?" as he unrolled the paper from a large parcel.

"The flowers you love."

"Tea roses! Oh, Alfred, you are so kind!"

"My dear Cora, I am too happy if they please you. But what is this? Your eyes are full of tears."

"I can't help it, Alfred. They remind me so vividly of the happy days long ago, when we were all together."

"My darling, I wish I had not brought them," he said, with a troubled look.

"Oh, no, dear, don't say that. Why that is the reason why I love them."

"Is it? I never knew before why you have expressed a wish to have some tea roses. I knew you liked them; that was enough to make me hunt them up."

"And I am very much obliged to you," she answered, inhaling the delicate perfume of the dainty blossoms. "They are to me above all other flowers. There was a great bush of them that stood at the side of the piazza. My mother was very fond of them, and Clara and I used to pluck them for her every day when they were in bloom. Since that time they have been my favorites, for they recall to me all the happiness of those bright days when my sister was my constant companion."

And Cora very soon shook off every trace of sadness, and was so lovely with some of the white blossoms in her hair, and some at her throat, where they seemed to light up the heavy black dress, that Alfred resolved he would keep her supplied with them until tea roses came to have another association for her and to be the emblem of his love.

Alfred fairly idolized his lovely *fiancée*, but he sometimes had grave misgivings as to whether her affection for him was as strong as his for her. He knew that she had been a good deal of a flirt, and that his suit had been strongly advocated by her father, who had made it almost a dying request that Cora should marry him. Sometimes these thoughts troubled Alfred very much. He would reflect that they had only been engaged when she was in deep mourning for her father, and that she had extracted from him a promise not to announce at once the tie that he would have proclaimed joyfully to the whole world. He would fancy at times that she had perchance accepted him merely out of deference to her father's wishes, and despite her tenderness of manner, that she would be glad to be free once more.

A few mornings after he had first brought the roses to Cora, Alfred went again to the green house to secure some fresh ones. He there encountered a good looking young man about his own age, who had come for a similar purpose, and was just about leaving with a large bunch of tea roses in his hand. Alfred stared at him when the gardener said—

"I am very sorry, sir, but I have given all my tea roses to this gentleman; would not some other flowers do as well?"

"No!" Alfred answered, abruptly, and turned away, viewing the stranger curiously; he also had started when he heard Alfred ask for tea roses, and the two for a moment looked into each other's faces, then the stranger went out, and Alfred followed. He noticed then that the young man went in the direction that would lead to the street where Cora lived, but scores of other persons might like tea roses, and blaming himself for the absurd suspicion that had darted through his mind, he went off to another green house.

But at that time the city was not so large as it is now, and there was no other establishments besides Watkins's, where he had first applied, of any consequence. He could not find any tea roses, and very much dissatisfied he was obliged to give up the search.

A few days later, when he thought the flowers might have blossomed again, he once more went to Watkins. Imagine his annoyance at again encountering the same handsome stranger on the same errand.

Watkins looked from one to the other of the young men in a puzzle.

"Why, gentlemen, you both want tea roses, and nothing else!"

The stranger smiled pleasantly, displaying a double row of very handsome teeth, but Alfred was much more disposed to frown.

"You see, Mr. York," said Watkins, turning to the first comer, "I gave you all the flowers last time, I think I ought to give Mr. Talbot some now."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. York. "Divide them between us, if you like, and give me some mignonnette and violets besides."

Again more of Cora's favorite flowers! Alfred thought of this even while he politely acknowledged Mr. York's courtesy.

"Make me up a small additional bouquet," he said.

"What will you have?"

"Mignonnette and violets also."

York looked curiously at Alfred, but nothing more was said.

That evening when Alfred went to see Clara he looked sharply about for another bouquet, but none was to be seen. Again he tried to dismiss the singular coincidence from his thoughts, but when on both his succeeding visits to Watkins, he found the tea roses gone, his patience began to be sorely tried.

He had met York either in or near the green house, and the two had exchanged a distant recognition, but when on the third morning he again saw him coming away with all the fresh tea roses that Watkins had, and again watched him going in the direction of Cora's home, he resolved to endeavor, if possible, to solve the mystery.

He went to see Cora much earlier than usual. She started up in blushing confusion, and he saw her hastily conceal something under the chair where she was sitting.

"What is the matter?" he asked, as he came and put his arm around her. "How you tremble."

"You startled me so."

As he stooped over her he inhaled the perfume of a tea rose, and saw that she had a fresh one in her hair. Now he had been unable to send her any for a week past.

"Why, Cora, where did you get that rose?"

"That rose?" she put up her hand, and glanced at him uneasily. "Come to the window, Alfred."

"But tell me, where did you get that rose?"

"Mrs. Brown sent it to me."

He was obliged to be satisfied with the answer, though a deadly suspicion of its falsity struck to his heart. He allowed her to lead him to the window, and then watched her with miserable doubt, when he saw her go back to her seat, and hastily snatching up something she had concealed beneath it, take it into the other room.

"What was that?" he asked when she returned.

"What?"

"That you carried in the other room?"

She laughed and blushed.

"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies."

He watched her a moment, and then asked,

"Cora, do you know a Mr. York?"

"What Mr. York?"

"I don't know his first name."

"Then how can I tell if I know him?"

"Well, he is young and good-looking, with very white teeth."

"Why do you ask?"

"Merely from curiosity."

She did not answer again, but seemed lost in thought, and Alfred asked her no more, but left her that afternoon utterly wretched, and resolved that he would reveal his knowledge of her perfidy not only to herself but to York.

The next morning, the day before Christmas, he took care to go to the green house very early.

"Come for tea roses, Mr. Talbot?" asked Watkins. "I have just two I can give you."

"Let me have them, then, and make them up into a nice bouquet of other flowers."

"Yes, sir."

Alfred sat down to wait; the bouquet was not complete when York came in; he touched his hat to Alfred.

"Am I too late, Watkins?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Talbot has taken them all to-day."

"Well. Never mind, make up a handsome bouquet for me without the roses."

"Yes, sir."

York took a chair near Talbot's, and the two young men entered into conversation; they chatted for some time on indifferent matters; at last Alfred said,

"Will you excuse me, Mr. York, for approaching a subject which seems entirely personal?"

"Certainly," York answered with perfect good humor.

"You seem to be devoted to a lady who is very fond of tea roses?"

"Yes, you are quite right."

"May I ask who it is?"

York hesitated a moment.

"You do not like to tell an entire stranger," Alfred went on. "But has it never occurred to you that we might both be attentive to the same person?"

Alfred had grown pale as he thus put his apprehension into words, and York started to his feet with a face as startled as his own.

"No, Mr. Talbot, I never thought of it before, but—"

"Now that I have suggested it, it seems possible."

"Yes, though I could not have believed in such perfidy."

"Nor I."

Alfred also had risen, and the two stepped back down the green house.

"No one can hear us here, I think," Alfred said as they stood out of sight from the store where the man was tying up the bouquets.

"No."

"Now, Mr. York, there is no need to drag a lady's name into this unless we have both been deceived. Perhaps you know this lady to whom you take the flowers only as a friend?"

"A friend!" exclaimed York. "She has promised to marry me."

"And do you send her tea roses because she is particularly fond of them?"

"Yes."

"Some early association, is it not?" suggested Alfred.

"Yes," replied York, staring at him.

"Where does this lady live?"

"I don't know exactly."

"Don't know!"

"No, that is, I never see her at her home. I meet her in the street; there are certain reasons why I must not come to her house."

"Does she wear mourning?"

"Yes."

Alfred groaned aloud. "Mr. York, I fear we are equally wretched."

York was as pale as he, and equally agitated.

"God help us, Mr. Talbot! I thought she loved me so well!"

"And I thought she loved me!"

"But, perhaps after all, we are wrong," said York, brightening. "I will describe the young lady."

"Go on."

"Light hair of a pale gold, that curls naturally, blue eyes, a fair complexion, a tall, slender, but graceful figure."

"It is she!" cried Alfred. "It is her perfect description."

"There is no use in withholding the name after this," said York, gloomily. "It is Lindsay."

"Yes."

For a moment the two looked at each other in silence. Then Watkins called,

"Here are the bouquets, gentlemen."

"Come!" exclaimed York. "I will tell you what we will do. I have an appointment with Miss Lindsay. Now we will both go to it."

Alfred acquiesced.

"Our doubts will be at rest," he said, "after that."

"And perhaps our hearts broken," assented York, grimly.

They left the two bouquets, and went out together in silence. A rapid walk brought them to the quiet street where York had his appointment; it was very near where Cora lived, and Alfred felt his heart sicken with the corroboration of his suspicions.

They had not long to wait; in a few moments a tall, graceful woman, all in deep mourning, advanced towards them. Every shadow of doubt vanished. Alfred knew so well that slender figure, and the long, enveloping black veil.

She came on rapidly, but hesitated at sight of the two men, who confronted her so sternly.

"Miss Lindsay," said York, "perhaps you can understand why we are both here."

She came close to his side.

"Henry," she asked, "why have you brought this stranger to meet me?"

"This stranger!"

Alas! for poor Alfred to hear those words in that voice! He could endure no more, but grasped her arm fiercely.

"Cora, how dare you treat me so falsely!"

She drew back indignantly, and threw off her veil—

"I am not Cora Lindsay," she said, "I am Clara."

Then Alfred saw that the face that had seemed in every feature Cora's when seen through the veil, was like hers, but yet not hers; the same golden hair, and blue eyes and fair complexion, almost the same beauty, but yet a difference; this face a little older and more anxious than Cora's, though perhaps equally lovely.

He stood back aghast at his own rudeness.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clara," and then his joy overflowed so that he could not contain it. "My dear York!" he cried, "this is her sister, the sister of Miss Cora Lindsay, to whom I am engaged."

"My sister!" exclaimed Clara. "Is she here!"

"Yes, close by. Come! let us all go there at once!"

York's face was as radiant as his own, as he gladly assented, and the three turned to go to Cora's home.

Little was said, but brief explanations to Clara of the mistake that had brought them both to her, and in a few moments they were at the door of Cora's parlor.

"Let me go in first, and prepare her a little," suggested Alfred.

Henry and Clara waited in the hall while he went in. Cora was a little surprised at a visit at so unusual an hour.

"What is it, Alfred? Your face is a perfect sunbeam."

"I have found the person you would most like to see in the world."

"That is yourself, dearest."

"No, next after me then."

"Who is it?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Is it—?" and she sprang up with eager face, "Is it my sister?"

Clara answered the question for herself; the next moment the two sisters were clasped in each other's arms.

After the first burst of excitement was over, Henry York was introduced, and Cora heard all the story of the past.

Clara had lost sight of her sister because she had gone travelling with her mother, whose health was failing rapidly. Mrs. Lindsay had died, leaving Clara almost penniless. She had come to the city, and had been for several months earning her living by sewing. Henry York she had known in his old home. Only recently he had found her again; and as she had no proper place in which to receive him, she was obliged to meet him on the street. Clara had tried to find Cora, but her change of residence, and her complete ignorance of who were her friends, had thus far prevented her success.

They were a happy party when all was told. Cora was so glad to think her sister would be with her; and the young men were so delighted to find they had not been betrayed.

"How could you doubt me?" asked Cora, when she was again alone with Alfred.

"Because you had that tea rose in your hair one day; and because you hid something under the chair."

"Was that all?" laughed Cora, merrily. "Why that was your Christmas present—a pair of slippers, which I shall give you to-morrow, notwithstanding your doubts."

"My darling girl—I will never doubt you again!"

That Christmas Eve Clara brought her slender luggage to her sister's handsome rooms. And the next day what a glorious Christmas dinner those four had—at a table that was ornamented with a splendid bouquet of tea roses.

"SILENTIA."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARCIA HOPE.

Oh! love, the roses bud and blow,
The roses bloom and fade:
But never comest thou back to me,
In sunlight or in shade!

Long years since last I saw thy face,
Blanched with a sudden woe—
Long years since last I clasped that hand,
And kissed that pallid brow!

"Silentia!" Write it on thy heart!
Shut close the gates of Memory!
Alas! we only met to part—
To see our visions fade and flee!

And this is all! Faded, the past—
Perished, those vows of love and truth—
Dead, all those dreams of hope and joy,
So fondly cherished in our youth!

Dead to each other, and the past—
Press to thy lips the crystal bowl
Of dark Oblivion—drain the dregs—
And write "*Silentia*" on thy soul!

TWELVE YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LAURA HASTINGS.

By an open window in the parlor of one of those lovely old country seats, of which in times gone by Virginia could boast so many, at the close of a sultry July's day, sat two ladies engaged in earnest conversation. Both had passed their prime, yet their faces still bore traces of a more than ordinary degree of beauty; but while the latter, and perhaps more beautiful of the two, showed by unmistakeable signs that her path through life had ever been smooth and pleasant, there were a few faintly drawn lines and a shade of sadness resting about the sweet, expressive mouth of her companion, which told most plainly that sorrow had been largely mingled in the cup which had been given her to drink.

Twenty years had passed since they had parted, merry, laughing girls, upon the threshold of the institution within whose walls they had spent, as classmates and room-mates, six happy, profitable years in storing their minds with useful truths, and fitting themselves for the position they were to fill in the world.

Twenty years! when they had parted in the firm conviction that a few—a very few months would see them reunited; little dreaming of the changes that were to come to them, that both would be wives and mothers, and one a widow, ere they again beheld each other's faces.

Edith Grey, she who now under another name welcomed to her home the Bessie Lee of other days, had returned to a home endeared to her by the devotion of fond parents and a loving train of brothers and sisters, while the merry, light-hearted companion of her girlhood days was borne far westward to the home and father she scarcely knew, having beheld neither since she left them, a child of twelve years, suddenly deprived by death of a mother's love and watchful care.

The time appointed for the meeting of the friends arrived, but instead of uniting them each hour now served but to increase the distance which separated them. One of them stood upon the deck of a mighty steamer, striving to catch the last glimpse of her native shore, as she was borne swiftly onward to the home of her newly-wedded husband in England; while the other kept watch by the bedside of her mother, whose illness had prevented the fulfillment of her promise to be with her friends upon her wedding-day.

Edith Grey had ever been less impulsive than her warm-hearted friend Bessie, and as she sat musing in the darkened room, watching with intense anxiety each motion of her sleeping parent, and in thought living over the past, felt many a dim foreboding when her thoughts turned to her friend's future. The marriage had been so hastily consummated, and Bessie had so little strength of character, was of such a changeful, fickle disposition, and above all so little fitted for the trials and cares of life, that Edith could not but feel anxious when she thought of the new life she was entering upon so thoughtlessly and fearlessly.

And yet Bessie was very happy. Her frequent letters to her friend told of her husband's ever-increasing love and of her own deep devotion to him; and often she spoke in glowing terms of her home—a pretty little wood-embowered cottage in one of the southern shires England, so different from the western home she had found impossible to love. Old Mr. Hardcastle, her father-in-law, it is true, was still alienated from his son because of his marriage with an American. Cyril, her husband, had known it would be so, and had hastened the wedding, hoping that when his father knew it was all over, and that opposition would no longer be of any avail, he would come into measures and take them into his heart and home. The old gentleman still continued obdurate as months rolled on, refusing even to see his son and pretty little daughter-in-law; but in spite of all Cyril was very hopeful, and Bessie of course was hopeful too, caring indeed but little then for any other love than that of her husband.

Two happy uneventful years had passed, years which brought no shade of sorrow, and now upon Bessie's bosom rests a delicate flower, a fair haired, blue-eyed boy—a second Cyril; and as the fond parents bend over their treasure, each seeking in his tiny face some trace of resemblance to the other, they feel that their happiness is complete. Alas! that such happiness should be so fleeting.

We will not linger over the years that followed; years which brought trouble and sorrow to the peaceful, happy home—sorrow, and after a time gaunt, terrible poverty. Smitten in his prime by an incurable disease, Cyril Hardcastle lay for many weary months watching the untiring labors of his little wife, who, with a strength born of adversity, ministered to his every want, and strove in every possible way to eke out the slender means which still remained to them: saw her growing more pale and thin each day, and groaned in anguish as the conviction forced itself upon him that the little Cyril, the idol of their hearts, was pining for the nourishing food which growing children need, and which it was beyond their power to give him.

Once more an appeal was made to the iron-hearted old father. Pride was crushed, and a most touching petition went forth, only to be returned unopened, with the information that any further communications from him would share a similar fate. In a strength given him from the Father in whose merciful hands he left his loved ones, Cyril Hardcastle went down to his grave, imploring forgiveness for the father who out of his abundance had refused him, his only son, bread for his almost starving wife and child.

The senior Hardcastle had never seen his son's wife, and when Bessie, in all the freshness of her grief, presented herself before him with the unconscious Cyril by her side; kneeling to him and imploring him by all the love he had once borne his only son, not to allow him to fill a pauper's grave, his heart melted before the charms which grief and want had been unable to dim, and for a moment he felt like taking her to his heart and being a father to her; but only for a moment. Stung by remorse at last, and overwhelmed with grief at the miserable tidings she had brought, he was but too glad to find any one upon whom he could fasten his own sins, and reproaching her as the cause of all his son's misfortunes, he drove her from his presence almost broken-hearted.

The body of his son, however, was conveyed to its boyhood's home, and borne from thence to its last resting-place with all the pomp and splendor which attends the burial of the rich and great. And Bessie, the loving, stricken wife, pressed her last kiss upon the clay-cold lips when they bore her husband from beneath the lowly roof where she had shared adversity with him for so many weary months. The father-in-law's doors were closed against *her*, although all others might enter at will. He could not, however, debar her the privilege of witnessing the last sad ceremonies, and this she did, stealing timidly into the enclosure, and telling with heart-beats the number of the clods as they fell rattling upon the coffin-lid. And then, when all was over, she went back to her desolate home and prayed, despairingly, that she and her boy might die and lie down beside him.

A pitiful annuity from her father-in-law, which in her pride she would have scorned, but for the sake of her child accepted, was now Bessie's sole dependence, and thus she lived until Cyril was twelve years old. Then fate, or *Providence*, threw the boy in his grandfather's path in his daily rambles, and an affection deep and strong sprung up in the old man's heart for the son of the child he had so greatly wronged. To Cyril a proposition was made to leave his mother and be taken as child and sole heir to the home of his grandfather, but the boy indignantly spurned the offer, declaring that nothing should ever separate him from his mother. *She*, as ever, unselfish, and desiring only her son's good, besought him to yield, but Cyril was as obdurate as the old man had been years before, and the latter fretted and worried over his disappointment until he made himself really ill, and then fearing to die alone, and eager to have Cyril with him on any terms, consented to the boy's petition that his mother might be there also.

At last, Bessie burying all remembrance of her wrongs, and ministering to the wants of the fretful, fault-finding old man with all a daughter's tenderness, was to receive her reward. With tears of real, heartfelt contrition her father-in-law acknowledged how greatly he had wronged her, and imploring forgiveness for the past, promised to be to her and to her son all that she could desire.

So the sorrow passed away, all but the one great sorrow of her life, and for the next five years, Bessie, with Mr. Hardcastle and Cyril, led a life of quiet, peaceful happiness. Cyril receiving the best instruction, and Bessie watching eagerly her son's steady progress in learning.

Again the gates of the old manor house are opened for the egress of a funeral *cortège*. The aged form of him, who in the last years of his life, has striven to atone for the evil he wrought before, is laid in earth. Tears of affection and grief fall on his grave, and Cyril Hardcastle returns to the home of his grandfather, master of all his vast estates.

Then it was that a longing to return to America filled Bessie's heart, and there being no longer any reason why the desire should not be gratified, it was determined that when Cyril's vacation should arrive they would leave England for an indefinite length of time, visit the graves of Bessie's parents—her father having died shortly after her marriage—and while Cyril made the tour of the United States, Bessie would visit the friends of her childhood and youth.

Time brought with it the accomplishment of all these plans, and Bessie having performed what she considered her first duty, accepted the invitation of her old friend Edith, and thus after the long, long separation, the friends were once more face to face. The most of the long warm days had been passed by them in hearing and telling of all the events that had transpired since they had parted, and although so many changes had come to both, bringing new and different interest to each, the friends were as much one in heart and soul as though they had never been separated.

When Edith spoke of her own happiness, a happiness which had begun nearly twenty years

before, when she had freely yielded herself up to the keeping of Edward Holmes, and had never in all the years they had spent together, known a cloud, the sigh that involuntarily escaped Bessie's lips, bore not the slightest tinge of envy at her friend's brighter fate.

And yet, although Mrs. Holmes spoke in such glowing terms of her husband, her children, her beautiful home—and declared that she had everything in the world to make her happy, it appeared to Bessie that there was some secret trouble on her mind at times, of which she would have spoken, and yet felt a hesitancy about mentioning. That she would speak of it in time she felt sure, and left it to her to choose her own time and way to introduce the subject. Mrs. Holmes was not long in doing so. She had brought her friend to the cool, quiet parlor at the close of day, feeling secure from intrusion, to speak to her on the subject, which just then lay nearest to her heart.

"I have tried to do my duty by my children, Bessie, how do you think I have succeeded?" she asked as soon as they were seated. She did not wait for an answer, but speaking hurriedly and with considerable emotion went on. "I have tried to be a good mother to them, to bear with them, to overlook their little failings, and yet to raise them up with correct ideas of right and wrong. If I have felt too much pride when I gazed upon them, because they were fine, handsome, intelligent children—a mother can be pardoned for saying this—I have struggled to keep the feeling down; I have tried to win their love, and yet, Bessie, in this one case I have *failed*."

"My dear Edith, you surely cannot mean what you say. From the little I have seen of them, I should think your children were all perfectly devoted to you; indeed I have never seen children more dutiful, tender, and respectful than yours are to you in my life."

"Perhaps you have been here too short a time to judge," Mrs. Holmes continued, scarcely heeding her friend's reply, "but did it not strike you from the first that there was one black sheep in my little flock? It seems to me it must be evident to every one who sees the children, if it is only for a few moments."

"No; they *all* appeared to me loveable and loving. Very unlike in disposition, but still all alike amiable and docile. I am sure you cannot be speaking of Eddie; he is wild and boisterous perhaps, but boys of his age always—"

"Oh! no, not Eddie," the mother quickly replied, eager to defend from such an imputation her youngest-born, her especial pet and darling.

"Well, then, surely not Clifford, who is so manly, so truly a *gentleman* in every respect; nor Adelaide, who you yourself have told me never gave you a moment's uneasiness in all her life, except indeed that she might injure her health by so closely applying herself to her studies; nor Emily, who even the most casual observer could see was a quiet, consistent Christian." Mrs. Hardcastle paused a moment in thought, and then said, "I should not like to think it was my beautiful little namesake who appears so bright and guileless. Indeed I am sure it cannot be, for *she* shows her almost extravagant devotion to you in a thousand different ways every hour. There is but one more, and I am sure it cannot be she, Charlotte—"

"Yes, Charlotte! what can you say of her?"

The question was so abrupt, so energetically put, that Mrs. Hardcastle was startled.

It startled some one else, too. In the gathering gloom a little figure had stolen quietly into the back parlor, unperceived by the occupants of the other room. Had sought and found some article, and was leaving the room as noiselessly as she had entered it, when she was arrested by the sound of her own name.

Involuntarily she paused and listened, careless, or unconscious of the fact, that she was playing a dishonorable part in doing so.

"Charlotte appears to me a quiet, very bashful little child, certainly not at all evilly disposed, or wanting in affection," was the reply she heard given to her mother's question.

"And yet, Bessie, I assure the child cares for no one in the world."

Alas! that she should stand there and hear her mother give her such a character. She grasped the arm of a chair near which she stood, straining every nerve to catch each word that was spoken, determined to hear all that was said of her.

"To you she appeared quiet and bashful," Mrs. Holmes went on. "When you know her better you will perceive that she is neither. She is sullen and unamiable, quarrelsome and rough, cross and unapproachable to her sisters and brothers—even Emily, who is so good and gentle to every one, can make nothing out of her, being rebuffed when ever she makes any advances to her. I confess I am heartily discouraged in my endeavors to understand her disposition. She is so variable, that it is impossible to decide how to deal with her. Kindness seems to have no effect upon her, and severity but serves to harden her. But for her being so young, I would send her away to a boarding-school, for I really fear the effect of such a disposition on the other children."

"Indeed, dear Edith," Mrs. Hardcastle said earnestly, "I would not think of such a thing. If the child's disposition be so hard to be understood by you, her mother, think how it would be for the poor little thing at a boarding-school. I am sure if you could but find the proper way to deal with her, you would change your opinion in regard to her. I cannot believe that the child has a bad heart, and I think we ought always to exercise a great deal of forbearance towards people who have these unfortunate dispositions, especially children."

"Forbearance!" Mrs. Holmes repeated, "and have I not exercised forbearance again and again, when I really could not feel myself justified in doing so? It is no use talking, Bessie, I feel that I must give up. I have worn myself out in trying to win her love and confidence; *duty* she yields me as the rest of my children do, but it is plain to be seen that her heart is not in it. I cannot imagine who she resembles, unless indeed it be the cross old maiden aunt of my husband, whose odious name we have given her, fearing the everlasting displeasure of the old lady, if one of the children of her acknowledged heir, was not named for her. And yet the idea of my having a child named *Charlotte*."

Mrs. Hardcastle laughed heartily. The tone and manner of her friend reminded her so forcibly of the Edith of old, so full of fanciful ideas, and so inveterate in her dislike for anything old-fashioned, or anything that sounded the least harsh or unpleasant.

"Charlotte, is not such an ugly name after all," she said, as they rose to obey the summons of the bell, which was calling them to tea; "and even if it was, you cannot blame the poor child for her name."

"It *is* unreasonable, but then you know I always had a weakness for pretty names, and all the rest of my children's names are so pretty, that I really dislike to have to address Charlotte by hers."

"Why not call—" the rest was lost in the distance. The owner of the name, which she herself hated most heartily, went to the window, and laying her flushed cheek upon the cool marble sill, burst into a passion of sobs and tears mingled with the plaint, "I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead."

She did not notice that a tall form passed beneath the window out of which she was leaning; paused a moment upon hearing her sobs, called her name gently, several times, and then passed on. In another moment he had entered the parlor and was by her side.

"What is the matter, little one?" he asked, gently raising her in his strong arms.

"Go away! go away, I tell you," the child exclaimed, struggling to be set down.

"Not until you tell me the cause of these tears," he said, holding her fast.

"Let me down, let me down, I say. I am not a baby and I *won't* be held."

Still the arms retained her prisoner in spite of struggles, kicks, and slaps, which the small hands dealt vigorously.

"Go away you bad, ugly boy, I *hate* you," she screamed, in fierce anger.

"No you don't, little one," the owner of the strong arms replied, at length putting her down upon a sofa, but still retaining hold of her. "We don't hate people we don't know; and you and I can't be said to know each other very well just yet—although we will after a while."

"No we won't, I hate you; I don't want to know you. Oh! why won't you go away and leave me alone!" and again the tears burst forth. No loud and angry sobs any more, but silent tears which seemed to say that she could bear no more, and Cyril, for it was he, feeling most deeply for her—soothed her gently, smoothing the tossed hair from her brow, and saying,

"My poor little Charlie, I would not tease or torment you for the world; and if you don't want to tell me what you were crying about, I am sure you need not; only I *could* not leave you in such an unhappy frame of mind. Don't you know, Charlie, dear, how wicked it is to get into such a passion as you were in just now?"

Poor Charlotte! He was as bad as the rest. Was it always to be her fate to be told how wicked, how cross, how unamiable she was? She had been leaning quite tranquilly on Cyril's shoulder, the storm of passion having spent itself. She raised herself now, and pushing him from her, said, in a hard, cold voice, painful to listen to in one so young,

"I wish you would go away. I do not need you to tell me I am wicked; I know it well enough."

"I won't leave you, Charlie," Cyril said, "because I don't want you to feel unpleasantly towards me. I want to be your friend, and to have you a friend of mine. Can't it be, little Charlie? tell me, don't you think you can like me a little, just a very little? I am sure I could love you very much."

The soft, soothing voice was fast melting the ice around poor Charlotte's heart; she burst into tears again, and then said, in a low voice,

"No, we can't be friends. You think you could love me now, but when you knew me better you would find how cross and hateful I am, and you could not love me. No one does, or ever did; and I never expect any one to love me as long as I live."

"Now, Charlie," Cyril expostulated, "you are ungrateful. Do you not know that your papa, and mamma, and Clifford, and Adelaide, and all of them love you?"

"No," she said, looking him full in the face; it startled and pained him to see such a look upon her face, and to know that she firmly believed what she said to be true.

"No one that you have mentioned loves me. Neither papa, nor mamma, nor Clifford, nor Adelaide, nor any of them, nor any one else that has ever known me; there is not one of them but thinks it would have been a blessing, if I had never been born; and, oh! Mr. Hardcastle, I wish I never had been born," and again the tears fell thick and fast.

"Hush! hush!" Cyril said, shocked and grieved. It is very, very wrong to say such things, and you will be sorry that you have done so, when you come to think it all over. You and I will have a long talk about this to-morrow. Papa, and mamma, and Clifford, and Adelaide can't all be wrong; and if they are not, some one is. We must see where the fault lies, but not to-night; the tea-bell rang some time ago, and I am afraid we shall be in disgrace if we do not hasten. Dry your tears, little one, and come on."

"Oh! no, I can't," Charlotte replied, hanging back. "I don't want any supper, indeed I don't; and, besides, papa is always angry if we are not in time; and I can't go to-night, indeed I can't. Please don't ask me," she said pleadingly.

"It would not be right for you to go without your supper, Charlie; and I cannot let you do so," Cyril said, firmly. "Come with me, and I promise to bear all the blame myself."

"They will see I have been crying, and say something to me," the child still urged.

"Never mind if they do," Cyril persisted. "Come on, Charlie, it *has* to be done, and had better be done at once."

Holding the shrinking Charlotte by the hand, Cyril entered the room in which the family sat at tea. All eyes were turned on them. Mr. Holmes, who never tolerated a want of punctuality, glanced towards them with a shadow upon his brow; and Mrs. Holmes seeing her husband's displeasure, said, rather sharply,

"Indeed, Charlotte, this is too bad; not only late yourself, but keeping Cyril until the tea is quite cold."

"It was *I* who kept Charlotte, Mrs. Holmes," Cyril said, quietly, "which I promise not to do again, if you will pardon us this time. As for the tea, I never drink it—therefore it does not matter that it is cold."

Eddie, a mischievous boy of nine or ten years, leaned across the table to his sister Bessie, and said, in a provoking whisper, perfectly audible to all, with a glance at Charlotte,

"Crying again."

Cyril glanced down at his little friend and saw her quivering lips, then pressing the hand he still held in his, placed her in a chair, and seated himself beside her, whispering,

"Courage!"

In the course of a game of romps after tea, in which even the dignified Clifford joined, Eddie, who was standing in Charlotte's path, was thrown down, and immediately gave vent to a series of piercing screams, which speedily brought together the whole household to inquire into the nature of his injuries. Having fallen on the gravel, he had cut his knee from which the blood was trickling down, and the young gentleman was pleased to consider himself seriously wounded.

"It was Charlotte who threw me down," he exclaimed, as soon as he had stopped crying enough to speak; "and she did it on purpose, I know she did."

"Oh, Eddie! indeed I did not," Charlotte began earnestly, and then seeing her father's brow darken, was silent.

"You did it on purpose, you know you did," Eddie persisted. "You were mad because I said at supper, that you had been crying again, and you ran up against me as hard as you could."

"Go to your room, Charlotte," Mrs. Holmes said, in a cold, stern voice. "You had better be in bed; there at least, you cannot get into trouble."

"Oh! mamma, *indeed* I did not mean to throw Eddie down—"

"Hush! no excuses! Do as I have told you," and the mother turned away.

Charlotte stole timidly after her.

"Good-night, mamma," she said, in a low voice.

"I cannot kiss you to-night, Charlotte," said Mrs. Holmes, in a tone a little less cold. "You do not deserve it. Do you think you do?"

Charlotte made no answer, but walked swiftly away, her heart swelling with various emotions. And Cyril, who had seen everything, and knew that Eddie's fall was the result of an accident, which might have happened to any one of them, felt his heart burn within him, and could not refrain from uttering under his breath—"Unjust!"

With Cyril to think, was to speak. Approaching Mrs. Holmes, he said:

"If you will pardon me for interfering, Mrs. Holmes, I would like to say that Master Eddie is mistaken in regard to the part Charlotte had in his fall. It was purely accidental, I assure you. Eddie was standing right in Charlotte's way as she turned a corner, and before she knew it she had run against him. Of course he fell down, but in my opinion he made a much greater outcry than the occasion called for."

Mrs. Holmes did not like interference, moreover she never would listen to a word against her pet, Eddie. She replied very coldly:

"I am obliged to you for taking Charlotte's part, but I cannot agree with you that Eddie was not hurt. You can, if you wish, tell Charlotte that she may come down again."

Cyril waited for no further bidding, but hastily entered the house and sprang up the wide staircase. Charlotte was in tears again, and her voice guided him to her room.

"Charlie, may I come in?" he asked, stopping at the half open door. She did not answer, and he entered, approached the bed upon which she had thrown herself, and attempted to raise her.

"I told your mamma how it was, Charlie, that you did not throw Eddie down purposely, and she sent me to bring you down."

"I would not go to save her life."

Cyril started back aghast. "Oh, Charlotte! do you know what you are saying?" he asked.

"Yes; I know perfectly well. She would not believe me, and I never told her a story in all my life. She believed Eddie—she loves him and she hates me; she will believe anything that is said against me. She would not kiss me good-night. It is all Eddie's fault, and I hate him—I *hate* him, I tell you," she shrieked, passion overcoming her when Cyril tried to stop her.

"I hate you—I hate everybody! Go away and leave me by myself."

Cyril had never seen anyone in such a fearful passion. The face was crimson, the veins standing out like thick cords, while her eyes fairly blazed, and seemed ready to burst from their sockets. He feared to leave her lest she should do herself an injury, and to stay, seeing how much her anger increased when he approached her.

"Oh! Charlie, Charlie, this is fearful!" he exclaimed when she had partly exhausted herself. "Do you know that you really frighten me—me a great boy, almost a man?"

It was strange what an influence over her his voice possessed. It soothed and quieted her in spite of herself. The outburst finally over she lay quite still, not trying to stop him, when he told her how sinfully she had acted, and tried to make her see her fault in its proper light.

"Only think, Charlie, how dreadful it would be if you were to die in one of these fits of passion, and it might be. People have died from less cause."

Charlotte was very repentant, eager to beg Cyril's pardon, and to promise never to get angry with him again.

"There is One you have offended more than me, Charlie," he said very softly.

Charlotte turned her head away, she did not like preaching, and she was sure that Cyril, who she was beginning to like so well, was going to turn out a regular preacher.

"Will you not ask his forgiveness?" He asked so gently that Charlotte's ever ready tears again flowed freely.

"Oh! Mr. Hardcastle," she said, "you do not know how wicked I am. I am sure you would not want to have anything to do with me if you did."

"Yes, my poor little Charlie, I should, all the more on that account. I am a poor sinful creature myself, and I trust I know how to bear with the infirmities of others. You, I believe you are not bad at heart, but you have a dreadful, dreadful temper, and you must try hard to conquer it."

"I *do* try, ever so hard. I tried to-night, but I could not help getting angry."

"Do you ever ask God to help you, Charlie?"

"It is no use," the child replied drearily.

"Oh! Charlie, how can you say so. It *is* of use, you know that without His help we can *do* nothing. You must ask Him for that help, and He will give it you. He will surely give it you. You will ask Him to-night, will you not, Charlie?"

Charlotte glanced towards him, and her lips formed but one word, "You."

It was a trying position for a young man who had as yet made no profession of religion, but Cyril would not refuse the child's request. He lifted her from the bed, and then kneeling beside her, holding her hands in his, poured out his soul in prayer for her. His voice trembled at first, for never before had any ear save that of the Omnipotent heard him pray, and although Charlotte was but a child, not yet twelve years of age, he felt it as much as if she had been a great deal older.

Charlotte's arms were around his neck as soon as they arose, and when he pressed his lips to hers and said "good night," she murmured, "I will try very hard to be good for your sake."

Alas! for Charlotte's good resolutions. The day following was a particularly trying one. The first great trouble was that she was deprived of the long conversation she had hoped to have with Cyril, and indeed the young gentleman himself felt quite reluctant to go away leaving unfulfilled the promise he had made her the evening before, especially when he perceived the cloud which overspread her face when Clifford mentioned at the breakfast table that he had promised some young friends of his that he and Cyril would join them in a fishing party which had been hastily made up early in the morning. Charlotte looked so very mournful that Cyril made an attempt to beg off from the excursion, but Clifford would take no excuse, and the young men left the table as soon as breakfast was ended to make their preparations.

Charlotte thought they had gone, and was sitting in the nursery gazing very disconsolately out upon the green lawn, and above at the bright blue sky, and wondering what boys found so very entertaining in fishing, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and Cyril ran in, exclaiming—

"I have been looking for you everywhere, Charlie. Did you think I was going away without telling you how sorry I am to miss the nice long chat we promised ourselves to-day? Don't look so distressed, little one. We will have plenty of time for it yet."

But with Charlotte there was no time like the present. If she desired anything, it must be here at once, or she cared not for it. And Cyril seemed to understand her so much better than any one else, that the idea of pouring out all her childish troubles into his sympathizing ear, was to the poor child who had for so long lived entirely within herself—longing for a real, true friend to whom she could speak freely and without reserve—something so delightful that she could not bear to have the pleasure delayed.

"It will be dark night before you get back," she said, sadly. "It always is when Clifford goes fishing—and I will be in bed. Mamma always likes me to go to bed early. She says it is a relief to have me out of the way, I am always quarreling."

"But you won't quarrel any to-day, Charlie, will you?" Cyril asked.

"I'll try *not*," Charlotte replied; "but I feel like quarrelling now with Clifford for taking you away."

Clifford's voice was now heard calling to Cyril that they would be late; and the latter only stopped to say—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE. TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

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EMERSON BENNETT,

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has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

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A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

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"We will have all day to-morrow to talk, if we wish. You know I will be here several days longer—so you must not take this so much to heart."

She had followed him to the staircase to catch his last words, when Clifford, who was waiting below very *impatiently*, caught sight of her.

"Really, Charlotte," he cried, "this is insufferable. A mere child like you detaining Cyril in this manner when everything depends upon an early start. You are becoming more disagreeable every day. I shall have to speak to mamma."

"Oh! Clifford, how can you!" Cyril exclaimed, as he saw the angry scowl on Charlotte's face; "besides, Charlotte did not detain me; *I* alone am to blame."

Everything went wrong. Begin a day badly, and it generally ends badly. Charlotte was in disgrace before noon, and sent to her room to remain until she could behave properly. She tried to bear the punishment as she knew she ought to, but Eddie followed her, and teased her until the child, worried beyond endurance, fell upon him, and a regular fight ensued. The noise brought Mrs. Hardcastle to the scene of action, and this was all that Charlotte needed to complete her misery. She felt confident that Mrs. Hardcastle would tell Cyril, and that he too would turn against her, and when the lady gently strove to impress upon her the wrong she had done she was sullen and unrepentant, scarcely speaking at all, except to say that it was all Eddie's fault.

Ashamed and wretched, she threw herself upon her bed and cried herself to sleep. To her great surprise she found when she awoke, that it was night, and the moon was shining brightly into her room. She wondered how they could have let her sleep so long, and began in her heart to accuse them of want of affection, each and every one of them. How different, she thought, it would have been if it had been one of the others. How uneasy mamma would have been at such a long, unnatural slumber. How often she would have crept softly into the room; or how tenderly she would have watched beside the bedside until the sleeper awoke.

Then the thought that they had unconcernedly allowed her to miss both dinner and supper, brought with it fresh grief, and the poor child whose trouble was nearly all of her own making, wept until her tears completely saturated the pillow upon which she rested.

A stealthy step aroused her, and she lay quite still, determining to feign sleep. Some one approached the bedside, and laid a cool, soft hand upon her flushed, tear-stained face, and then Charlotte felt a soft kiss upon her forehead, and once more the flood-gates were unlocked. The little arms were drawn tightly around her mother's neck, and she was exclaiming,

"Oh! mamma, I am so very, very unhappy!"

The day for Cyril's departure had come, and yet the long-talked-of conversation with Charlotte had not taken place. Each day they had spoken of it, but something had always prevented, and as Cyril perceived that Charlotte and her mamma got along much more pleasantly than they had done, he considered the advice he had intended to give his little friend not so much needed as it had been.

But now that all the preparations were made, and Cyril had still a few hours at his disposal, he determined to devote a part of them to Charlotte. Going in search of her, he found her and Eddie in a violent altercation, both struggling for the possession of an article which neither really cared for, and before he could reach them, blows were being exchanged, and Charlotte was fast working herself into one of the old, ungovernable fits of passion.

Cyril parted them very quietly, and leading the mortified little girl away, spoke to her for a long time of her faults, not sparing her in the least, deeming it mistaken kindness to do so.

"I am going away, Charlie," he finally said, "to be gone many weeks, perhaps months. My mother will be here for some time longer, will see all that transpires, and will write to me everything that she thinks will interest me. I have told her that I desire particularly to know how it is with you while I am away. You are a little girl, Charlie, but I have taken a deep interest in you, and hope I shall never have cause to regret it. Now do you not think it will give me much pain, if my mother writes to me that you still let your temper have complete control over you, that you are disobedient to your parents, unamiable to your sisters and Clifford, and cross and unkind to Eddie?

"As my mother will not be here when I have completed my tour, I may not see you again before I return to Europe, but I shall use every effort to get here before I leave America, if it is only for a few hours, and I want you to promise me, Charlie, that you will try very hard to improve yourself before I return."

Charlotte's "I will try," was so faint, that Cyril could scarcely catch the words, but he saw that she was greatly moved, and felt sure that the seed which he had sown had fallen upon good ground.

Summer had gone, and a soft, white mantle covered the lawn upon which Cyril had joined the children in many a game of romps when it fresh and green, when he again beheld it. He made his friends but a flying visit—only, indeed, to say "good-bye," but promised that if all went well, he would meet them again before many years had rolled away.

At the earnest request of Mrs. Hardcastle, Adelaide accompanied them to Europe, where she was to remain a year, to reap the benefit of advantages she could not have received at home.

Although fond of her home, Adelaide was still fonder of learning, and the year was lengthened out to two. Then came the announcement that she was engaged to be married, and with it an earnest, manly letter from Cyril, asking the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes to his marriage with their daughter.

As the match was a desirable one in every way, the consent was not withholden, but Adelaide was informed that she must return home without delay. Mrs. Hardcastle and Cyril accompanied her, and great was the rejoicing when the long absent daughter was once more clasped to the hearts of her parents.

Adelaide was changed. The change was one that could be felt rather than defined. It did not appear to be the happy change which *love* ever brings to those who for the first time feel its power. No—although in the presence of her lover, Adelaide appeared happy, there were times when she seemed completely oppressed with melancholy. Hours when she shut herself up in her own room, and allowed no one to enter; not even the mother upon whose bosom she had ever been wont to pour out all her troubles in the days that were gone for ever. Books no longer interested her; indeed she appeared to have no aim in life whatever. When Cyril approached, she roused herself sufficiently to appear interested in what he said to her, but his coming brought not the glad joyousness usually felt in the presence of one's lover, and his going seemed to give no pain.

Ever apathetic, the energy she displayed whenever the time for her marriage was spoken of was startling.

"You are not anxious to send me away from you, mamma?" She one day asked when the two were left alone after one of these discussions; and the mother clasping to her bosom the daughter, of whom she was so proud and fond, said,

"You shall never leave me, Adelaide, unless you wish it, and, indeed, I wish I could keep you with me always. Are you not happy in your choice, my child? It is not yet too late to change your decision if you are not perfectly satisfied."

And Adelaide said faintly,

"I am perfectly satisfied, only let me stay with you a little longer.

Charlotte's delight at beholding Cyril again had been rapturous, and when he told her that he one day hoped to be her brother, nothing could have exceeded her happiness.

The account which Cyril heard of Charlotte during his two years absence was quite favorable; and indeed the change which had taken place in her was clearly perceptible to all. True, there were times when the hot blood would mount to her forehead, and the angry retort escape her lips; times even when she yielded entirely to the evil spirit which still possessed her, though its hold upon her was growing weaker every day.

The change which had taken place in Adelaide did not escape Charlotte, who marvelled at it greatly. How could Adelaide help being perfectly happy at the prospect of spending her life with one so good, so noble, so devoted to Cyril? She pondered over it long and earnestly, never arriving at any definite conclusion, but fears for Cyril's happiness gaining firmer hold upon her every time she thought it over.

Just at this time, when everything was in so much uncertainty, Charlotte was summoned to the home of the maiden aunt for whom she had been named, and most reluctantly left her own home, feeling that her visit might be lengthened out to any extent, just as the whims or caprices of her aunt should suggest.

"Never mind, Charlie," Cyril said to her in parting, "when Adelaide and I are married you shall come and live with us always, and no Aunt Charlotte shall ever be able to take you away from us."

"Cyril, you and Adelaide will never be married."

They were her last words. Cyril shuddered as he looked after the carriage which bore her away. Though spoken by one who was still a child, it sounded like a prophecy.

And so the weeks sped on. Mrs. Hardcastle and her son still lingered in the home of their friends, loth to leave until a limit was set to Cyril's probation.

Autumn had come again, and the forests were radiant in their livery of crimson and gold. The mornings were charming in their healthful freshness, and of late Cyril and Adelaide had devoted a portion of each to riding, or roaming about the beautiful country in which Mr. Holmes's country-seat lay.

"It is a delightful morning *for* a ride, Adelaide; will you not come?" Cyril called, as he passed her door, one morning on his way down stairs. "We will have abundant time before breakfast."

No answer was returned, and he knocked loudly. Still all was silent. "It would be a shame to disturb her, she is sleeping so soundly," he said, and passed on. Still the temptation was so great that he could not resist it, and mounting a horse, he galloped off, thinking to be back in time to greet Adelaide upon her appearance in the breakfast-room. Taking a new road, however, he so completely lost himself, that several hours had passed before he found himself upon the road leading homewards.

How little he dreamed of what awaited him. Hastily entering the house, with apologies upon his lips for his long delay, he beheld his mother leaning over Mrs. Holmes, who appeared to be in a half fainting condition; Mr. Holmes pacing the floor with clenched hands and darkened brow; Clifford in a state of violent excitement, Emily and Bessie in tears, Adelaide absent, and the servants gaping in open-mouthed wonderment. A perfect outburst of groans, sobs, and imprecations greeted his entrance, in the midst of which he learned that some terrible calamity had befallen them.

"Adelaide!" he gasped, dreading he knew not what.

Mrs. Hardcastle twined her arms about his neck, exclaiming in a tone which almost unmanned him, "My poor, poor boy," and then placing in his hand a sheet of paper, said:

"This is all we know."

The family had been seated at breakfast, momentarily expecting the arrival of Adelaide and Cyril, who they imagined had gone out together as usual, when a little boy presented himself with a letter addressed to Mrs. Holmes, who, upon reading it, had fainted. Having restored her to consciousness, the attention of all was turned to the letter, which was then read aloud.

It was from the unhappy Adelaide, who had left her home in the stillness of the night before, to wed one whom she acknowledged her parents would never have given her to. "Socially," she wrote, "my husband is not my equal, and for this reason I have refused to allow him to ask for your consent to our union, knowing it would be withheld. That he loves me fondly, truly, he has proved by following me across the Atlantic. That I love him *I* have proved by forsaking home, friends, and all that I held dear, for him. At present I dare not hope for forgiveness; but I trust that time will soften any feeling of resentment, which may now possess your heart, when you think how ill I have repaid you for the love and kindness you have ever lavished upon me."

"And to Cyril say, that I grieve most sincerely over my conduct toward him. I thought I loved him at first; and when I found what it really was to love, I had not the courage to ask him to release me. We never would have been happy together. Years hence, perhaps, he, too, will find what it is to love with all one's soul, and thank me for saving him from a lifelong misery with one who had only his boyish affections."

And that was all. No clue to her whereabouts, not even the name of her husband. She had cast herself off; and even had they felt the desire, they would not have been able to reclaim her.

No human eye witnessed Cyril Hardcastle's misery. Alone in his own room, he grappled with it, fought it, conquered it. Save for the mouth being more firmly set, the brow slightly darkened, and a something of sternness added to his whole manner, which never afterwards left it, he was outwardly the same Cyril who had dashed off so gaily to his ride, on that ill-fated morning. But within, a change had been wrought—a change which made of the boyish dreamer—a man. A man strong to suffer, to will, and to do.

Leaving America he shook off the dust thereof from his feet, inwardly determining never again to tread its shores. Having once been deceived, he shunned the society of women, and gave himself up entirely to study, and as years rolled on, to politics, ever striving to do his duty to all men, and to keep his own reputation spotless.

It was a proud day for Cyril's mother, when she beheld her son occupying one of the most honorable positions in the land, the companion and trusted friend of statesmen and high dignitaries. And yet just at the time when he was becoming most popular, when his remaining in England was of the greatest importance, Mrs. Hardcastle's health failed suddenly and rapidly, and physicians one and all declared that only her native air would restore her.

There was but one course before him, Cyril felt at once, and cheerfully resigning all hope of further usefulness, for a time at least, made preparations for a journey to, and long sojourn in the United States. Travelling by short stages, through the "Sunny South" in her own dear native land, Mrs. Hardcastle found health and strength returning to her. But Cyril desiring to have the cure perfected, determined to gratify every desire of her heart, and to allow her to linger long amid the scenes she loved so well.

"Mother," he said, suddenly, to her one day, "have you no desire to visit your old friend Mrs. Holmes?"

Mrs. Hardcastle started. It was the first time the name had been mentioned by either of them for ten long years. She did desire it most earnestly, longing to learn what had befallen those in whom she had felt so deep an interest, with whom for Cyril's sake she had kept up no communication since they had last parted.

Knowing her son perfectly, she was convinced that he had weighed the matter well before mentioning it, that he was fully equal to the trial he would necessarily undergo, in visiting the scene of his life's great disappointment, and she answered simply,

"I should, indeed, be happy to see Edith once more;" knowing that nothing more was needed.

Day was drawing to its close, when the carriage, which had conveyed them from the station, drew up before the gates of the old mansion. Although Mrs. Hardcastle had written to her friend to announce her coming, it was plain to be seen that they were not expected.

No one was visible either in the grounds, upon the portico, or within the house.

Dismissing the carriage at the entrance, the mother and son began slowly to tread the familiar winding path which led to the house. It was not long, but Mrs. Hardcastle, who was still far from strong, was soon fatigued, and requested Cyril to allow her to rest a few moment upon a grassy mound, which had been her favorite resting-place in her former visits.

"You should not have walked, mother, dear," he said, tenderly. "I am sorry I did not insist upon driving up to the door, as my better judgment suggested."

"I will be rested in a moment, my darling," the mother replied, and then added, "I greatly prefer to walk. As we are evidently unexpected guests, the surprise to our friends will be all the greater, if we come upon them without a moment's warning.

"Would you not prefer to rest in the arbor? It is but a few steps farther on."

"No; this is my favorite seat. But I would like you, Cyril, dear, to see if there is not a spray of the sweet-scented honey suckle I used to love, still to be found on the arbor upon which it once grew so luxuriantly."

Cyril turned a few steps from the path to obey his mother's behest, and was about to enter the arbor—when a soft, sweet voice from within, rang out upon the still evening air, demanding—

"Is that you, Clifford?"

A flutter of white robes, and then a slight, graceful figure stood before him.

"Pardon the intrusion," he said, bowing low.

And the lady started back, half alarmed at the unexpected apparition of a stranger.

An instant only, and then in spite of the bronzed face, the heavy, dark beard, and all the other changes time had wrought, he was recognized.

"Cyril!" she cried, starting forward with extended hands, her whole face radiant with the happiness she felt at once more beholding him.

"Is it—can it really be—are you indeed Charlotte?" he exclaimed in bewilderment.

"Do you really not know?" she asked; and then, half sadly, she said, "Oh! Cyril, Cyril, I would have known you, no matter where I had seen you, nor how greatly you had changed."

The coming of those who had for so long been strangers, brought joy to the hearts of all their friends. All declared that nothing could have been more opportune than their visit, coming as it did, when the family-circle which had several times been broken, was once more united.

Clifford, who had married and removed to the "Far West," was at home on a visit, with his little family of four. Emily, who had also married, was there too, with her husband, although the time of their departure was fast approaching. Bessie and Charlotte, lovely young women, still lingering, though they had often been wooed to leave the parent nest, and Edward, a professional young man, who had snatched a few weeks from his duties in the city, to rusticate a while at home. None absent but Adelaide, and she—three or four years before had applied for admission at the door of her once despised aunt, a broken-spirited, feeble, dejected woman, with just enough pride left to prevent her from returning to the home she had voluntarily forsaken, had obtained shelter and the kind attention she needed so greatly, and never after left the haven which had been open to her in her hour of need, though loving hearts had besought her to return to them again and once more fill her place in their midst.

It is autumn again. The sun shines just as brightly, the leaves are as deeply dyed, the air as fresh and life giving, as when, ten years before, Cyril Hardcastle walked slowly by the side of Adelaide Holmes, along the forest paths, and told her of all his love for her. There is another by his side now, but the theme upon which they ever delight to dwell is still love; and *he* had thought never again to feel its awakening power.

They are passing now beneath the window, out of which Charlotte had leaned, on the first evening of Cyril's *first* visit so many years ago.

"How little I thought twelve years ago," Cyril is saying, "when I passed beneath this window, and heard the passionate wail a little girl was sending out upon the air; or afterwards, when she made such a violent display of temper, because I tried to find out the cause of her distress, that she would ever become the noble-hearted being who, having learned that most difficult-to-be-acquired of all arts—self-conquest—is now the most gentle, loveable, and loving of her sex."

"Oh! Cyril, Cyril," Charlotte expostulates.

"My darling, I am not flattering you. Do you not remember that it was said, years and years ago, 'He that ruleth his spirit, is better than he that taketh a city?'"

Charlotte answers not; but as they pass on, she says,

"It seems so strange that you should love one who is neither beautiful like Bessie, nor amiable like Emily, nor clever, like our poor Adelaide."

And Cyril draws the loved form to his bosom, and whispers,

"To me you are more than beautiful, more than amiable, more than clever. I never dreamed of the happiness that would be mine, Charlie dear, that after all these years you would be ready to love one so ill-suited to your bright, happy self, as the stern man of the world who has taken the place of the Cyril who used to read you so many lectures in the days gone by.

Charlotte raises her beaming face to his, and says,

"I have loved you all my life since then, Cyril. First, with a childish devotion, after that with a girl's idolatry, and *now* with all the strength of my being."

He does not doubt her for an instant, and he says softly, in a tone that thrills through her whole being,

"Adelaide was right. Having found what it really is to love, from my heart I thank her for saving me from the life-long misery of wedding one who possessed only my boyish affections."

The Tame Buzzard.

I do not know how any one could think of petting a buzzard; but a gentleman did, and a very amusing bird it was. No cat ever took more delight in catching mice about the barn than he did. He missed his strokes about as often as he hit; but he would return to the charge again in nowise disconcerted. He took a deep interest in rats also, but was not as much inclined to pursue that sort of game; he was too lazy to take the trouble.

With all his tricks he could never be taught politeness or hospitality to strangers. If a strange gentleman came about the grounds to converse with his master, what should this saucy bird do but fly at his head, and knock his hat over his eyes. The greatest sport he had, was to fly down at his master's feet and untie his shoes, without stopping to inquire whether it was agreeable to him or not.

When his lazy fits came on, you would not catch him hunting for mice and rats, and taking all that trouble. He would follow the gardener or potato-diggers out in the fields, and leisurely pick up the worms and bugs which they turned up with the soil.

I cannot speak much for this bird's magnanimity; that he was simply amusing was the best that could be said of him. A poor wounded jackdaw fell into the water, and what should this tame buzzard do but pounce into the water and hold the daw's head under until he was drowned. Now, if he had helped him out, it would have been worthy of a silver collar at least. But the poor bird knew no better, so we will not blame him. We should never think unkindly of any irrational animal, for it has no soul, and cannot sin. It only follows out the instincts God has given it for wise reasons.

A Globe of Gold.

Mr. John Calvin Moss, of England, has started a new theory respecting the centre of the earth. He believes that the interior of our globe, instead of being a vast, fiery ocean, is a solid mass of gold and platinum! Gold and platinum, he argues, are the heaviest substances, and in the cooling of the earth would naturally sink from the surface towards the centre. One-fifth of the earth may therefore be composed of these metals—a globe four or five miles thick. Just think of it! What a pile of money! Enough to pay Uncle Sam's debt, and give us all a million apiece. How provident in nature to establish such a sinking fund, and how providential that it should be discovered just now, when we need it so much to pay off our national debt!

"Certainly," says Mr. Moss, with becoming gravity, "no safer place for such a deposit could be found, than the heart of the earth."

But we hope he does not imagine it is safe there! Just let our oil borers get a hint of his theory, and old mother earth will be bored as she never was before. That will tear her very heart out. The company that proposed to run a canal under all the oil wells, and drain off the whole at one swoop, will undoubtedly relinquish that enterprise, and strike straight for the earth's centre. Petroleum will be nowhere. The "Great Central Golden Globe Company" will be immediately organized—ten thousand million shares at one dollar a share. Just let us get at that great central globe, and gold will be a drug in the market. Greenbacks will go up to two hundred per cent. premium, and Uncle Sam will be in funds.

Importance of Punctuation.

Wanted—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind.

A School Committee man writes: "We have a school-house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high.

A newspaper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and crossed-eyed with pantalets on which never spoke afterwards."

Parasol—A protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone.

Straps—Articles worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calfskin.

An exchange, describing a celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

☞ A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

DRS. HUNTER AND RAMSAY.

Our readers, doubtless, have perused with both pleasure and profit the interesting and instructive letters by Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, on catarrh and bronchitis, which have lately, at regular intervals, appeared in this journal. In next Sunday's *Press* will be published the first of a series on the symptoms and treatment of consumption, a disease which prevails to an alarming extent in this section of country, and one which has hitherto baffled the science and defied the skill of the ablest among the medical profession. That this fatal enemy of our race, hurrying as it does upwards of a *fourth* of our population to premature graves, should be beyond the reach of remedial means, is as strange as it is deplorable. The learned and universal *all* schools of medicine have united in denouncing the old routine practice of dosing and drugging the stomach in these cases as *worse than useless*; and until the introduction of medicated inhalation, by which system the remedial agents are *directly* applied to the affected parts, consumption had no cure. Under these circumstances, we feel sure that our readers will be gratified to learn that Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, the great advocates of this system of practice, have opened a permanent office in this city, at No. 1319 Chestnut street, for the purpose of treating all diseases within their specialty.—*Forney's Press, Dec.* 17.

The letter referred to by the Press will appear in next Saturday's Post. We bespeak for it a careful perusal.

Falling Off a Log.

Hedge Triplett was known in the olden times of Arkansas as a lawyer that travelled the circuit, and famous for his marvellous stories. He was original, courageous, and witty. On one occasion, when a creek that was very high had to be crossed, he, together with the judge and lawyers, were compelled to cross the stream on a fallen tree, and swim their horses. Hedge was the first to cross. He had just begun when he heard an unusual noise at the other end of the log, on the opposite side; he discovered a huge bear, in the act of coming over toward him. Both could not cross on the same log, in opposite directions, at the same time; and he thus addressed his brutiship:—"Mr. Bar, do you intend to cross this log before I do? Make up your mind quick!" The bear showed his teeth, and growled terribly. Hedge began to show a disposition to retire, but before doing so, he said, "If you will come first, I'll show you a fine specimen of falling off a log!" and off he dropped.

Something New.

A German has introduced combats of women at Dresden, and the account of the proceedings is, that six Amazons entered the arena with light but tight-fitting costumes. These were matched against three, and they were to give their antagonists complete throws, wrestling fashion, right on their backs. The women are described as lithe and agile in the extreme, and bringing down rounds of applause as their forms struggle in fascinating and elegant contortions. At length the rounds were complete, and the final bout remained between a colossal sandy lady, and a pretty, neat, and small brunette, who, to the wonder of all present, flung her big opponent on the back with ease. The issue was a gold watch and chain for the victor.

Courage of Science.—Courage in the battle-field is celebrated in history and in song, but little is said of the courage exhibited in pursuing scientific investigations, though often displaying more real bravery than was ever called into action in war. It is said that when Arago and Dulong were employed by the French government to make experiments upon the subjects of the construction and safety of steam-boilers, the task was one of as much danger as difficulty. The bursting of boilers, to which they were constantly exposed in a limited locality, was more hazardous than that of shells upon a battle-field; for while military officers who assisted them—men of tried courage in the conflict—grew pale and fled from the scene, the savans proceeded coolly to make their calculations, and to observe the temperature and pressure upon the boilers almost at the very point of explosion.

The celebrated Ruskin has attempted to solve the domestic servant question, and suggested that one way to get a good servant is to bring up your servant from a child. This proposition, the Saturday Review thinks, is rather hard advice, especially to young persons about to marry, and it says:—"In order to get a useful set of servants by the time you are forty, you must apparently lay in a stock of children when you are five-and-twenty. Servants will take at least as long to ripen as port wine, and they will give a good deal more trouble during the process. Worst of all, when they come of age, they may set up for themselves."

☞ We have often heard of the height of extravagance; lately we heard an instance of the height of economy, bordering on meanness. A man of immense wealth in one of our large cities was sick. At length, after some weeks of illness, he died during the hours of night. A child, only heir to his vast estate, sat by the window, the next morning, watching the advent of the physician. As he approached the house, the bereaved one lifted the sash and cried out: "*It's all over, doctor; you needn't come in.*"

☞ At a protracted meeting, recently held out West, an ancient sister in the church arose and said: "I see young ladies here who think more of gewgaws, furbelows, ribbons, and laces than they do of their Creator. I loved them once, and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright-colored ribbons, and sky-blue trimmings; but I found they were dragging me down to destruction, so I took them off—and gave them to my sister!"

☞ We are prepared to believe everything that comes to us from California. A cannon ball, of cast-iron, bedded in solid rock, and a cigar and a carrot, both petrified, have been found in Nevada, in a cave just opened, seventy feet below the surface, in the Star-Spangled Banner claim. Had the account said that the cigar was lit and the carrot boiled, we should have believed it just as soon.

☞ A lady having had the misfortune to upset a jug of cream over a satin dress at a tea party, a gentleman present, a paper maker by profession, consoled her for the mishap, by saying that she had only "converted a satin wove into a cream laid."

☞ A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love," on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Hens, a la Mode.

The Montreal Witness tells of a ludicrous deception, no doubt suggested by a similar one now in vogue among the ladies:

"It appears that an exhibitor of poultry in one of the fairs at Montreal, took several prizes, and further won high encomiums from the judges on the superiority of a certain black hen of the Poland variety, with a splendid head of top-knot. The next morning, however, certain inquisitive visitors inspected her Polandship more closely, and discovered the top-knot had been cut from three different fowls, sewn into a waterfall,' and fastened on the head in question. The sell was good, but cost the perpetrator dearly, as the judges at once took from him all the prizes formerly won.

"Other bipeds wear them universally when on exhibition, and we don't see why a good, respectable hen should be denied a 'waterfall.'"

A GENTLEMAN, now a distinguished merchant of Boston, but formerly a resident of Nantucket, was once engaged in planting potatoes on his farm in that town, when a dry old fellow stopped to watch the operation. The merchant, more enthusiastic than skillful in his farming, was dropping five seed potatoes in each hill.

"Ah! planting potatoes, squire?" remarked Uncle Jerry.

"Yes," replied the merchant, "and if the rot doesn't take them I expect to have a good crop. What time do you think it best to dig potatoes, Uncle Jerry?"

The old fellow looked into a hill and replied, "Dig 'em now; you will never get a bigger crop."

RECENTLY, a person in Rochester, New York, hearing some one about his house, listened a few minutes and came to the conclusion that somebody was trying to break in. Accordingly he armed himself with a pistol, and with weapon in hand took his seat on the floor, with his back against the door. After he had braced for a few minutes the burglar began to push, and the householder continued to push the other way. The man on the outside would get the door open a little way, and the man on the inside would push it back; and in this way they had it for a long time, until the dim streaks of light in the east told of morning, when the man on the outside went away—and we suppose the other went to bed.

THE usher of the Troy Opera House, a few evenings ago, perceived in a front seat a person arrayed in black broadcloth and wearing a round-crowned felt hat. The attentive usher hurried down the aisle, and touched the spectator on the shoulder with a "You must take off your hat, sir." The head turned round, and a pair of feminine eyes gave the usher an indignant look; he retired with a "I beg your pardon, madam," and the audience testified their appreciation of the incident by a subdued applause.

A BEAUTIFUL girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mitts. "How much are they?" "Why," said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss." "Agreed," said the young lady, pocketing the mitts, while her eyes spoke daggers, "and as I see you give credit here, charge it on your books and collect it the best way you can." So saying, she hastily tripped out.

GIVE A MAN A CHANCE.—A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along a piece, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

SENTIMENTAL arithmetic calculates thus:—2 glances—make one look; 2 looks—make one sigh; 4 sighs—make one waltz; 8 waltzes—make one palpitate; 2 palpitations—make one call; 2 calls—make one attention; 2 attentions—make one fool (sometimes two); 2 fools—make one flirtation; 1 flirtation plus 2 bouquets equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

NOT A GOOD MATCH.—"How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of any man?" said an old lady to her pretty niece. To which the young lady replied, "The reason, dear aunt, is, as you well know, that I am not a good match."

A LOVER wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire "to some secluded spot, and breathe away his life in sighs." To which the lady replied, by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

"A BOAT-RACE like this," quoth a Cynic, gazing at the Harvard Regatta, "always puts me in mind of a wounded lion."

"Ah! pray how?" asked Mary Jane, timidly.

"By its great mowers," replied the Cynic."

Mary Jane fainted slightly.

A STRAY contraband from down South was lately inspecting a horse-power in operation, when he broke out thus: "Mister, I has seen heaps ob tings in my life, but I nebber saw before anyting whar a hoss could do his own work and ride hisself too."

A BOSTON paper says that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city, was taken to the station-house, by a policeman, on a charge of *smoking in the street*—a practice which is not permitted in that tidy town.

IN a country church-yard this epitaph may be seen: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath, "Their warfare is accomplished."

"A TRAVELLER" wishes us to explain what sense there is just now, in the term "railroad securities," seeing there is no security on any of the railroads. We can't do it.

"STILL harping on, my daughter," as the father said to the young lady who was continually twanging at the wires of her instrument.

THE man who takes things easy—The city pickpocket.

WASN'T it odd, that when Captain Blank was staying at Goldust's country house this Christmas, he and one of the girls should actually find some mistletoe growing on one of the trees? We believe Captain B. (with his usual presence of mind) made himself master of the situation.

BREAK THE GLASS.

One of the oddest of fancies
  Is ringing in my ears,
About a loyalist custom
  In the times of the cavaliers.

They used to fill up bumpers
  And drain them on bended knee,
Pouring their wine, as they poured their blood,
  For the Prince across the sea.
And when the glass was emptied
  Of the generous tide it bore,
They were wont to shiver the crystal
  In pieces on the floor.
Because that goblet was holy
  From the wine that foamed to the brim,
No less loyal lip should drain it
  To a meaner toast than Him.

And after a couple of ages,
  Upon my loyal knee,
I pour the choicest wine of my life,
  My lady love, to thee!

I give you in the goblet,
  A soul kept white in the strife;
A record you will not blush to read—
  I pledge you a poet's life.
I give you in the goblet
  My certainty of a name,
That the world and Heaven shall not forget,
  I pledge you a poet's fame.
I give you in the goblet
  A faith that is firm and just,
That time nor change can take away—
  I pledge you a poet's trust.
I give you in the goblet,
  A faith as in God above—
I love you with all the days of my life
  As only a poet can love.

They say you are fickle and vain;
  The people tell me "Beware;
She can snare your trustful soul
  In the odorous wealth of her hair!"
But I have loved you, darling;
  I believe you because I must;
I was born to a faith in all things high,
  So in you I have put my trust.

And if in a fatal winter
  The worst should come to pass,
When the wine of my life is drunken—
  Ah, then I must break the glass!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

POULTRY PRACTICE.

Eggs at forty-five cents a dozen—one-fourth addle on an average—poultry, beyond the pockets of poverty—tendency of both eggs and poultry—upwards. If ever there was a better time and opportunity for country people to pile up profits, and put by pictorials by poultry practice, we have not heard of it.

The danger is that incited by existing rates, a great many people will be tempted into too big a business, and make a mistake. Not that for these dozen years to come the supply will so nearly equal the demand as to materially effect prices. But that while poultry-producing, and the egg-enterprise on a moderate scale is always under good management, immensely remunerative, the rule fails invariably if an excessive business is attempted.

Under all ordinary circumstances, the extreme limit of poultry-practice so far as eggs and chickens are concerned is probably about one hundred hens. Fanciers, of ample means, who can afford to maintain several separate establishments, may of course keep a greater number. But for the best returns a family of fifty hens is large enough. Then these require care and judicious treatment to insure the best condition of health and productiveness.

Profit only being the consideration, we should begin with an equal number of Black Spanish, and Dominique—the old Jersey Blues—all young, with a cock of each kind, and then permit them to mingle, live, and breed together as they please.

The henery ought to be close and warm in winter, with the door and two glazed windows facing the south, and so arranged that in warm weather it can be thoroughly ventilated. During all the cold season, a heap of fine, dry loam, wood ashes, and lime in equal quantities, should be kept in the hen-house for the fowls to wallow in at will—no danger of vermin then.

All food, except oats, ought to be ground and mixed with tepid water into a stiff dough. Corn and peas ground together makes a fattening feed, and hens lay well. Scraps and bits of fresh meat and fish, chopped fine, should be fed frequently.

Nests should be made of hay, or straw ropes, sewed together like an old-fashioned straw beehive—to look as much like a *hen's nest* as possible, and hidden out of sight behind screens. No hen should be kept for laying after she is three years old. A few may be maintained for stepmothers.

These brief rules being observed, Poultry-Practice can be made very profitable.

PRESERVING GRAFTS.

It frequently happens that scions cut in cold weather, are exposed to severe freezing, or perhaps a bundle of the twigs may lay over for a whole week in some "way-station" where the mean temperature—a very *mean* temperature for twigs—is at 35. In the first instance, the vitality of the scion has been greatly impaired, perhaps destroyed entirely by the penetration of frost at the cut end, shooting up the capillary ducts, and disarranging the valular economy, while in the other case the twig will very likely have been bled to death, or its fluids so depleted that though it may survive, and even put forth foliage, as a graft, it can never become a vigorous, fruit-bearing branch.

All scions cut from either trees, shrubs, or vines, suffer to a greater or less extent by delay and exposure to atmospheric influences. For any one to argue that a scion is none the worse for being cut and laid by for a month in cool weather, is to argue in error, and against the imperative necessities of plant life. If a scion, cut and tied up with a bundle of twigs cannot survive always, and grow just as vigorously as it did on the parent stock, then it cannot remain in that condition a month, week, or twenty-four hours without some damage.

But if by an application to the cut part of something that shall act precisely on the plant structure, as the healing salve does upon a wound on man or animal, we can maintain a partially normal condition of the scion, we shall have added very greatly to its chances of life and vigor.

A good many years ago, we saw a New York state farmer experiment with scions, and this was his practice: Cutting a large, sound potato in two halves, as fast as his scions were cut from the tree he thrust the heels to the depth of about three-quarters of an inch into the cut side of the potato—each half receiving some fifty scions. The bundles were then wrapped in the leg of an old pair of woolen pantaloons, and laid away in the cellar for the winter. In the spring they were grafted, and nearly all grew well.

If any one will take the trouble next spring, when apple trees are in bloom, to cut a twig bearing, say half a dozen blossoms and as many leaves, thrust the cut end into a large-sized, sound potato, place the potato in a pot of earth, barely covering it, moisten occasionally, and watch the result, he will very likely argue afterwards that there is something more than moonshine about a potato's preserving grafts.

SORGHUM SUGAR.

Considerable complaint has been made, and not a little prejudice excited against sorghum, because it will not produce sugar.

Well—let us suppose that the sorghum will *not* give us sugar—it affords a capital article of syrup, and a great deal of it per acre. It pays handsomely to cultivate the material for that purpose, to say nothing of the leaves making very good fodder for stock; and the cane after grinding and pressing, being convertible into paper.

But sugar, and very fine sugar too, can be manufactured from sorghum. Not this year, or next, or the year after perhaps, in a manner that will make its manufacture profitable. But its time will come—just so surely as any other possibility of the future shall some day become an accomplished fact.

There was a time when the process of clarifying cane sugar was too costly for common manufacturing purposes. Then, it is not very long since, that something better than clay and crude bullock's blood for making sugar white, was a desideratum greater than that of granulating sorghum syrup at the present time.

At the Agricultural Department in Washington, there may be seen several samples of sorghum sugar, some of them very fine; and as we write this, we have lying within a few inches of our pen's point, a sample of sorghum sugar, just manufactured, and sent us by a friend living in Delaware, as beautiful material as ever was made from West India cane. It is remarkably sweet, too, as well as very beautiful sugar.

As there are regions of our country where very fine sorghum is grown and cane sugar enormously dear, the process by which the sample before us was made, seems to be worth finding out; and as soon as leisure affords the opportunity, we are going to do it. If our friend down in Delaware can make such beautiful sugar from sorghum, others elsewhere, having his process, can do the same; and even if it costs quite as much as the foreign material, the manufacture of a hundred pounds or so, yearly, of the finer quality, will scarcely be felt where labor is the only out lay, and it will taste all the sweeter for being a home production, besides making the consumer independent of the sea coast monopoly.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

It is worth while for all farmers, everywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm.

That an offensive war against weeds, is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuit with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer, than purchased in the winter.

That more stock perish from famine than founder.

That a horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning when anyone approaches him, is vicious—don't buy him.

That scrimping the feed of fatting hogs, is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children is money lent at a hundred per cent.

That one evening spent at home in study, is more profitable than ten in lounging about country taverns.

That cows should always be milked regularly, and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to take some good, reliable, entertaining paper, and—*pay for* it promptly—of course.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

CALVE'S FOOT JELLY.

Takes ½ paper of "Coxe's Sparkling Gelatin." Soak it 20 minutes in ½ pint cold water. Meanwhile put into a china-lined kettle 1½ pints boiling water, a stick of cinnamon, and 1 lb. white sugar. Let these boil 5 minutes. Have squeezed 6 lemons, taking one of them, and cutting off the paring, throw this skin into the boiling water. Put all the into a pint measure: then add as much water as juice. Now fill up the pint with wine. Next, pour this over the dissolved Gelatin, which must be soaked in a large pitcher. Take the boiling syrup from the fire and stir it into the pitcher where all has been put in. Strain it through a fine muslin bag; and, wetting your moulds, fill them and stand in a very cool place.

Selected.

VEAL.—Veal requires particular care to roast a nice brown. Let the fire be the same as for beef. Put it at some distance from the fire at first, to let it roast thoroughly, as it must be well done, but not dried; then draw it near to finish it brown—basting well. For sauce, remove the juices of the meat from the bottom of the roaster, and skim all the fat off, mix in a little flour, salt and pepper, then simmer and serve hot.

FILLET OF VEAL.—A fillet of twelve or fourteen pounds will require nearly four hours' roasting before a good fire. Make some stuffing of a quarter of a pound of finely-chopped beef suet, and as much bread crumbs, a large spoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little sweet marjoram, the rinds of two lemons grated, a tablespoonful of grated horse-radish, a little black pepper and salt; these all mixed together well with two hard-boiled, smoothly-rubbed yolks of eggs. Introduce this through the fillet, secure the stuffing with skewers and twine, baste it well, and make a gravy of the dripping, skim off the fat and thicken with flour. Serve hot.

HIND QUARTER.—If eight pounds, it will require nearly two hours roasting. Baste it and froth it by dredging flour over it as the other roasts.

PORK.—The prime season for pork is from November to March. Great care must be taken that it is sufficiently done. Other meats may be underdone, but pork is uneatable and indigestible if not well cooked.

LAMB.—This requires much attention in the roasting. All young meats should be well cooked. For a sauce, wash clean a handful of fresh green mint, remove the leaves from the stems, mince it very fine and put it into a sauce boat, and stir in one teaspoonful of brown sugar and four tablespoonsfuls of good wine vinegar. Green peas is the vegetable eaten with lamb.

QUARTER OF PORK.—A quarter of good young pork is nice cooked in this way. If very young, the leg and loin should be roasted together. For sauce, nicely stewed apples.

CELERY SAUCE.—Pick and wash two heads of celery, cut them into pieces an inch long, and stew them in a pint of water and a teaspoonful of salt, until the celery is tender. Rub a large tablespoonful of butter with a spoonful of flour well together; stir this into a pint of cream, and put in the celery and let it boil up once. Serve hot, with boiled poultry.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Scald and skin fifteen ripe tomatoes, squeeze them through a sieve to get out the seeds, put them into a saucepan with half a pint of good beef gravy, a little salt and white pepper, and set them in a hot place for an hour to simmer. This is nice with beefsteak, or any made dishes.

"MOLLY," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at present," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" asks she. "Faix, it is a sort of half-way house between you and Heaven—and I stand it mighty aisy after laving you."

WE are told that "like cures like." We wish our clever homœopathe would invent a much more valuable system to society by which "dislikes should cure dislikes."

THE manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put the hog in one scale, and some stones in the other, and then guess at the weight of the stones.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 32, 5, 13, 34, 28, 10, is a city in Austria.
My 19, 6, 3, 17, is a very useful article.
My 22, 11, 36, 27, 16, is the name of a distinguished general.
My 1, 9, 6, 31, 25, is a kind of fish.
My 7, 33, 11, 28, 33, 29, 13, 17, is a girl's name.
My 30, 36, 8, 24, 18, is a sailing vessel.
My 14, 35, 12, 32, 13, 23, is a kind of metal.
My 15, 2, 34, 15, is a tree.
My 4, 16, 25, 29, form a part of the human body.
My 20, 21, 31, 13, is an animal.
My whole is the name and address of one of the subscribers to THE POST. "WILL."

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 3, 10, 12, 5, is a song.
My 4, 12, 6, is an animal.
My 8, 2, 9, 11, 13, 6, 7, is a boy's name.
My 8, 4, 1, is a part of a circle.
My 8, 12, 14, 9, 11, 6, 7, is a kind of wine.
My 10, 8, 3, 2, 6, 13, is a girl's name.
My 3, 3, 11, is a vehicle.
My 7, 6, 9, 13, is a marine animal.
My whole is the name of one of the Signers of the "Declaration of Independence." S. H. G.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A precious stone.
A malt liquor.
A Roman tyrant.
A stratagem.
A city of the West Indies.
An organ of the body.
An aquatic plant.
My initials and finals form two animals.
S. H. G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Cut off my head, and you'll see,
That I an elevation be;
Cut off my tail, and you'll find,
A species of vegetable kind;
My whole you will doubtless do,
Before you get this riddle through.
Robbinsville. LEON SINGLETON.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a fowl.
My 2d is a grain.
My whole is a boy's name. S. H. G.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The three lines drawn from the angles of a triangle to the centre of the inscribed circle are 40, 50, and 60 rods respectively. The sides of the triangle and the radius of the inscribed circle are requested.

JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To find a trapezium such, that its diagonals shall intersect at right angles, and the sides, together with the diagonals, shall be integral numbers.

Stonington, Ct. DAVID S. HART.
☞ An answer is requested.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the one hundreth root of 2, true to five places of decimals.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a man who doesn't lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Ans.—Because he keeps cool (keeps school.)

☞ Why are blacksmiths confirmed sinners? Ans.—Because they have hardened vices.

☞ Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Ans.—Because it is pasturage.

☞ Who is the oldest lunatic on record? Ans.—Time out of mind.

☞ Why is a hungry boy looking at pudding like a wild horse? Ans.—Because he would be all the better with a bit in his mouth.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Emancipation Proclamation. ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post. RIDDLE—Stephen Arnold Douglas. DOUBLE REBUS—Yellow and salmon. (Ypres, Elba, Lowell, Loam, Oporto, Wisconsin.)

Answer to Problem by D. S. Hart, published Oct. 14.—There remains in the cask 1.06795 gallons of water. Artemas Martin, J. N. Sodors, Alfred A. Hubley, and J. D. Ryott.

To W. Sively's, July 1st.—899.23239676 square feet.

To Gill Bates, Oct. 21st.—6053.416. Morgan Stevens and G. B.

To A. Martin's, same date.—846 acres and 3.61 perches. A. Lamy.

To J. Everett's, Oct. 28th.—13 years. Maud, M. Stevens.

OUR little friend Bobby, at the breakfast table one morning, broke out in a new vein: "I don't want mother to marry again," he said. "Why not?" was asked, with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another one."

"CHILDREN," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "you can have anything you want—but you mustn't want anything you can't have."

Never "Knock Under."

No, never. Always rally your forces for another and more desperate assault upon adversity. If calumny assails you, and the world—as it is apt to do in such cases—takes part with your traducers, don't turn moody and misanthropic, or worse still, seek to drown your unhappiness in dissipation. Bide your time. Disprove the slander if you can; if not, live it down. If poverty come upon you like a thief in the night—what then? Let it rouse you, as the presence of a real thief would do, to energetic action. No matter how deeply you may have got into hot water—always provided that you did not help the Father of Lies to heat it—your case, if you are made of the right kind of stuff, is not desperate; for it is in accord with the divine order and sweep of things that life should have no difficulties which an honest, determined man, with Heaven's help, cannot surmount.

☞ "What are you thinking, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the English. The soldier started, and after saluting his General, answered: "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired two hundred rounds of ball that day.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is probably the largest and best-conducted ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited. oct 14-3m

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.
Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
novl-3m No. 37 Bond Street, New York.

IMPORTANCE OF HAVING DAVIS' PAIN KILLER ALWAYS AT HAND.—*Wonderful Cure of the Rev D. L. Brayton, Missionary in India, who was stung by a Scorpion.* Extract from his letter, dated Mergui, June 13, and published in the Baptist Missionary Magazine for Dec., 1849: "For the first time since I have been in India, I have been stung by a scorpion. I went out this morning to my exercises, as usual, at early dawn, and having occasion to use an old box, on taking off the cover I put my hand on a scorpion, which immediately resented the insult by thrusting its sting into the palm of my hand The instantaneous and severe pain which darted through the system is quite incredible; what an awfully virulent poison their sting must contain! *I flew to my bottle of 'Davis' Pain Killer,'* and found it to be true to its name. The relief was almost as sudden as the pain; after a moment's relief, I saturated a small piece of sponge, bound it on my hand, and went about my exercises, feeling no more particular inconvenience." dec16-2t

SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—COX'S DYSPEPSIA PILLS.—Dyspeptics should know their value. They are sure in all cases where the disease is not organic. Every person who has taken them has been relieved at once. One pill each night before going to bed for three nights in succession, and then omit four nights These pills, besides being thoroughly effective, are mild in their operation. oct14-3m

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 6th St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Neuralgia—Tic Doloreux. The doctrine that quinine and carbonate of iron were the only remedies for tic doloreux and nervous disorders, is now exploded. Holloway's Ointment will procure the speediest alleviation of pain, and a few applications suffice for a permanent cure. Thousands who have experienced a radical benefit from its use are prepared to vouch for the correctness of this statement. In gout, rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica, it is equally efficacious.
Sold by all Druggists.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales of some 9000 bbls Flour at $7,60@8 for superfine, $8@9 for extras, $8,25@9,50 for spring wheat family, $9@11 for red wheat do, and $11,50 to 13 ₩ bbl for white wheat families and fancy brands. Rye Flour; sales at $6,50@6,75. Buckwheat Meal is selling at about $5 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. Sales 30,000 bus at $1,90@2 for inferior, $2,10@2,27 for fair to prime reds, $2,30@2,35 for amber, and $2,50@2,60 for whites. Rye; sales at $1@1,06 for Southern and Penna. Corn; sales 60,000 bus at 76@83c for new yellow, 80@83c for old and new mixed, 81@83c for old do, and 80@80c for new and old white. Oats; about 30,000 bus were disposed of at 48@53 for Southern and 49@50c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally continues almost at a stand-still; sales 300 bbls Mess Pork at $28@31 for old and new. Dressed Hogs are worth $13½@14½ the 100 lbs. Beef is quiet at $14@18 for Western and City Mess, and $15@37 ₩ bbl for Beef Hams Of Green Meats the sales are limited to Hams, at 19@19c. Butter sells slowly at 40@45c for common to prime packed and Roll, and 45@50c for fancy lots. Cheese is steady at 17@20c ₩ lb for Western and New York state. Eggs are selling at 35@36c ₩ doz

COTTON—sales of 1,200 bales at 47@52c for low and good middling quality.

BEESWAX is quoted at 47@48c ₩ lb

COAL—Prices are unsettled, ranging at from $9 to $9 ₩ ton.

COFFEE—The market is very quiet. Sales Rio at 9@9½c, gold, and 29½c, currency.

FEATHERS—Sales limited at 62@65c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit moves off slowly at $4½@5 for Apples, and $11@13 ₩ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Apples and Peaches are selling at 13@16c for the former, and 17@30c ₩ lb for the latter.

HAY is dull at $14@15 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at from 30 to 60c for old and new.

IRON—Pig Metal continues firm. Sales of No. 1 Anthracite, at $51@52, and No. 2 at $40@45.

LUMBER is quiet, at $31@34 for White Pine, and $30@33 for Yellow Sap Boards

MOLASSES—Sales of 100 hhds Cuba, at 40@46c.

PLASTER—Market firm at $4,50 ₩ ton.

RICE is quiet at 9@10c for Rangoon, and 12@13c for Carolina.

SEEDS—There is less demand for Cloverseed, and the sales are limited at $7@8 ₩ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is quiet at $2,50@4. Flaxseed is selling at $2,10@3 15 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is quoted at 245@260c. Whiskey—Sales at 230c for drudge, and 235@240c for bar-ls.

SUGARS—About 150 hhds Cuba sold at 9½@9¾c, gold, and 200 bbls Sugar House at 12½c, currency.

TALLOW is held at 13½@14c

WOOL.—The inquiry is mostly for fine Fleece—and the sales are limited at 68@70c, the latter for choice clips; medium ranges at 60@65c, and common at 50@53c, and the market for these very dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from 17@18 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—7500 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½c ₩ lb. 1500 Hogs sold at from $13,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhœa Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-tf

To Restore Gray Hair, Stop its Falling, MAKE IT GROW ON BALD HEADS, &c., USE

"London"	Gray	"Hair Color	Does Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer"
"London"	Hair	"Hair Color	not Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer"
"London"	Changed	"Hair Color	Stain Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	without	"Hair Color	or soil Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Any- Restorer."
"London"	Dyeing.	"Hair Color	thing. Restorer."

Apart from its coloring qualities, it is a delightful dressing, perfectly cleanly and fragrantly perfumed; does not stain the skin a particle, or soil the finest cambric. Irritation, Scurf, Dandruff or Itching Scalp it cures effectually.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. dec9-eowtf

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,12. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

$20 G. & S. CRYSTAL D. F. $20.

$1000 A year can be realized gilding and putting up the Crystal Door Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools, and Instructions cost $20. L. L. TODD & CO., 39 Nassau St., N. York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
sep30-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JAMES H. LIGHT to Miss LAVINIA A. SPANGLER, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Jos. R. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD T ROSS to Miss JOSEPHINE HILLEGAS, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. FERDINAND DORBLY to Miss ANNA E. SCHLECHT, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. JOHN H. DURAND to Miss MARY J. CRAWFORD, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. WASHINGTON F. WILLIAMSON to Miss ANNA P. TINDALL.

In Manayunk, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM LUEMAN to Miss SUSANNA SHEER, both of Manayunk

On the 30th of Nov., by the Rev. J. H. Castle, W. H. SHREVES, adopted son of the late Jos. R. Peddle, to Miss ESTHER A. MCCURDY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, Mr. SAMUEL FARRIS, in his 70th year.

On the 12th instant, FRANCES, wife of Walter P. Foster, in her 26th year.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM REDFIELD, in his 67th year.

On the 11th of the 12th mo., JOSEPH D. PRONICK, in his 61st year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN R. MCCOWAN, late member of the 114th regt. P V., in his 24th year.

On the 10th instant, JOHN GRIFFITH, aged 61 years.

On the 10th instant, CATHARINE FLOWERS, aged 72 years.

On the 10th instant, MORGAN J. THOMAS, formerly of Chester county, aged 67 years.

On the 9th instant, Capt THOMAS H. PIERCE, of Milford, Del., aged 31 years.

On the 9th instant, EDWIN EMDEN, in his 36th year.

On the 9th instant, HENRY M. HEINEN, in his 45th year.

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FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS.
SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS.
DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE.
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BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
mar18-1y

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NEW SHEET MUSIC.

Choice and Desirable for Every Pianist.

My Mother's Sweet Good-bye. Ballad. M. Keller, 30 cts. I know he will Return Song and Chorus. J. P. Rudolphsen, 30 cts I have listened for her Footsteps. Song and Chorus. M. Keller, 30 cts. Portraying the last wish of a dying soldier, for the presence of his mother I have no Joy but in thy smile. Ballad. M. Keller, 30 cts Cot where the Old Folks Died. Song and Chorus. Leave it, 30 cts. Kiss me while I'm Dreaming. Song. Winnemstedt, 30 cts Copies of the above new and beautiful songs will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. dec23

WORKING-MEN'S OPPORTUNITY.

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ENTIRELY NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ARTICLES
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(Late Withers & Peterson,)
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BROKERS.

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my3-1y

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$6 FROM 50 CENTS.

Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT, feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

1865. FALL. 1865.

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MASONIC HALL,

Has now open his Fall importation of
LACE CURTAINS,
BROCATELLE CURTAINS,
SILK TERRY CURTAINS,
SATIN DAMASK CURTAINS,
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PARISIAN NOVELTIES.
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SMYRNA CLOTH
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In every desirable style or color.

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Gold Pens for Holiday Presents!

On account of the near approach of the Holidays, we offer our large Stock of GOLD PENS and PENCILS, with Gold and Silver Extension, or Ebony Holders of every description, at 50 per cent. less than the usual retail price.

Send early for New Catalogue and Price List to
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IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
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Millville at 6 30 and 10 00 A. M; 6 58 P. M

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Salem at 6 25 A. M., Mail; 4 05 P. M., Passenger.

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